THE Nation

AMERICA'S LEADING LIBERAL WEEKLY SINCE 1865

VOLUME 170 NEW YORK • SATURDAY • APRIL 22, 1950 NUMBER 16

The Shape of Things

WHEN IF EVER CONGRESS RECOVERS ITS senses and thinks intelligently about American policy in Asia, it should undertake an investigation into the operations of the China lobby. This lobby was forced into the open in Washington by Owen Lattimore's devastating counter-attack. William J. Goodwin, registered agent for Chiang's Formosa government, resigned his job, breathing fire and smoke and promising to help the State Department inquiry as an unpaid operator. Alfred Kohlberg, wealthy New York importer of Chinese textiles, whose printed attacks on Lattimore have flooded Congressional mail boxes, turned up in the capital blandly admitting that *he* could not prove Lattimore was a Communist or a Soviet "espionage agent" but still persuaded that our incapacity to save Chiang was pernicious. Long before Lattimore testified, *The Nation* had exposed Goodwin, Kohlberg, and the rest of the operators. Malcolm Hobbs, in an article in the issue of last December 24, told about Goodwin's approaches to Congressmen and predicted a series of investigations aimed at forcing the removal of Secretary Acheson. Now the investigations have come to pass, the lobby having found its instrument in Shifty Joe McCarthy. What are the people to think of the apparent willingness of Congress to let agents paid by Chiang's government propagandize in our own capital against the American Secretary of State? Is there no one in Congress who cares whether any or all of the lobby's operations were financed from the $2,000,000,000 in American aid which Chiang let slip through his fingers while calling for more aid as the Communists kicked him off the mainland? Foreign governments have a right to representation here, but Congress has an obligation to know what they are doing when their representatives plot and scheme to blast a Cabinet member.

✶

MR. TRUMAN'S CLAIM THAT THE COUNTRY is in fine shape economically is backed by a good deal of evidence. As the new report of his Council of Economic Advisers shows, industrial output rebounded strongly after the setback caused by the coal strike and is now at about the level of a year ago, when the short-lived recession was just beginning to get under way. Construction business is well above 1949, with home-building setting all-time records. The Stock Exchange industrial average has touched its highest point in twenty years, and corporate profits are accruing at a considerably higher rate than in the final quarter of last year. The average annual personal income, after taxes, of $1,323 is $21 more than in 1948 and represents $58 more in buying power, thanks to a moderate decline in prices. Consumer spending has reached a peak of $181,000,000,000 a year. However, it appears to be somewhat selective, for while the demand for automobiles, house furnishings, and appliances, including television sets, is strong, that for soft goods has slackened, causing a reduction of activity in the textile trades. The most disappointing feature of the situation is the persistence of rather heavy unemployment. True, the number of jobless declined by over half a million in March, but the unemployment rate was 6.5 per cent compared with 5.3 per cent a year ago and 3.3 per cent in March, 1948. Moreover, in the next few months hundreds of thousands of high-school and college graduates will be entering the labor market. Thus although the country is prosperous by any historical standard, "we are not getting the expansion in industry and investment that we need to absorb the steady increase in the labor force." This statement by Leon Keyserling, the council's acting chairman, is the sobering thought that tempers the optimism engendered by the current business activity.

✶

KING LEOPOLD OF BELGIUM HAS AT LAST begun to face the fact that the position of a constitutional monarch is untenable unless he commands enough support to be accepted as a symbol of national unity. The referendum of March 12 showed that only 57.68 per cent of the voters desired his return, and events since have proved that if this result were regarded as decisive, he would reign with the support of but one of Belgium's three national parties, the Social Christians [Catholics], and would be bitterly opposed by the Socialists and the Liberals. This opposition has been expressed through the outbreak of strikes and the resolute refusal of both parties to participate in any government formed to bring the King back from exile. Realizing that he could return only as "the king of one party," Leopold in a broadcast statement on April 15 showed a disposition to compromise. Provided Parliament would be willing to make the necessary changes in the constitutional law, he would be willing, he said, to delegate "temporarily" the exercise of his prerogatives to his son, Prince Baudouin, the heir apparent. Socialists and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

• IN THIS ISSUE •

EDITORIALS

The Shape of Things 357
The Atomic Conference 360
Who's Who? *by Brandel* 360
Israel After Two Years *by Freda Kirchwey* 360

ARTICLES

Notes from Capitol Hill *by Willard Shelton* 362
"Paris in the Spring" *by J. Alvarez del Vayo* 363
Dangerous Thoughts. Franco Has Flair! *by The Observer* 366
Frank Graham's Primary Education *by Tom Schlesinger* 367
A War Avoided *by Shiva Rao* 369
Beside the Point *by Robert Bendiner and Margaret Marshall* 370
Everybody's Business: Congested Capital *by Keith Hutchison* 371

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

Essays and Asides. On Writers' Conferences, I *by Rolfe Humphries* 372
Ischia. *A Poem by W. H. Auden* 374
America: Inventory and Appraisal *by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.* 376
The Facts About Shakespeare *by Alfred Harbage* 378
Maxwell Perkins, Editor *by Harvey Breit* 380
The Seeing Eye *by Clement Greenberg* 381
Music *by B. H. Haggin* 382

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS 383

CROSSWORD PUZZLE NO. 359 *by Frank W. Lewis* 384

Editor and Publisher: Freda Kirchwey
Executive Editor: Harold C. Field
Foreign Editor J. Alvarez del Vayo — *Literary Editor* Margaret Marshall
Associate Editor: Robert Bendiner
Financial Editor: Keith Hutchison
Washington Editor: Willard Shelton
Drama: Joseph Wood Krutch — *Music:* B. H. Haggin
Assistant Editor: Jerry Tallmer — *Copy Editor:* Gladys Whiteside
Assistant Literary Editor: Caroline Whiting
Staff Contributors
Carey McWilliams, Reinhold Niebuhr, Maxwell S. Stewart, J. King Gordon, Ralph Bates, Andrew Roth

Business & Advertising Manager: Hugo Van Arx
Director of Nation Associates: Lillie Shultz

The Nation, published weekly and copyright, 1950, in the U. S. A. by The Nation Associates, Inc., 20 Vesey St., New York 7, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter, December 13, 1879, at the Post Office of New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Advertising and Circulation Representative for Continental Europe: Publicitas.
Subscription Prices: Domestic—One year $7; Two years $12; Three years $17. Additional postage per year: Foreign and Canadian $1.
Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.
Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs Information Service, Dramatic Index

Liberal spokesmen, while guardedly approving this proposal as a basis for negotiations, have indicated that a number of points need clarification. Obviously they will want to have the conditions under which this temporary arrangement could be terminated very carefully defined, particularly as the King's statement suggested that the initiative in any change should be left to him. However, the chief opposition to compromise appears to be coming from right-wingers of the Social Christian Party, who, more royalist than the King, are talking of his proposal as "dangerous fantasy."

*

THE INDEPENDENT OIL PRODUCERS HAVE lately recruited some useful new allies for their campaign to restrict oil imports. Coal operators claim that their product is being rapidly displaced by cheap foreign fuel oil, and their plea for government action is supported by the railroads, the Railroad Brotherhoods, the United Mine Workers, and the C. I. O. Oil Workers' Union. In combination with the independent oil lobby, one of the most influential in Washington, these organizations form a truly formidable pressure group which can count on a very sympathetic hearing on The Hill. There are, of course, certain conflicts of interest among them. Coal competes with domestic oil and natural gas, and though the railroads fear a loss of coal traffic, they have at the same time a stake in cheap oil, since they are rapidly discarding steam locomotives in favor of diesels. However, for the time being the "menace" of foreign petroleum has persuaded these normally discordant voices to unite in shouting for protection either by means of an increase in import duty or by an import quota. The administration is doing its best to discourage both proposals, and for good reasons. Any attempt to erect new barriers around the American market would be certain to damage foreign policy at numerous points. In the first place, such action would stultify our whole campaign to reduce trade restrictions throughout the world and to assist other nations to expand their dollar-earning capacity. Again limitation of oil imports would disturb relations with Venezuela and by adding to the growing oil surplus in the Middle East would create new economic tensions in that politically tender spot. Finally, banging the door in the face of the big American companies producing oil abroad would make it embarrassing to press complaints against Britain for discriminating against the same firms.

*

ONE COULD NOT SAY THAT THE STATE Department's dispute with Guatemala arose chiefly over a song. Too many other sources of friction exist in the small republic governed by a left-labor regime but dominated economically by a few big North American companies. And Richard C. Patterson, Jr., was an

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

unfortunate choice as ambassador to a country engaged in social revolution. Whether or not he interfered with that country's "internal affairs," as Guatemala charged when it asked for his recall, he surely backed United States business interests there with an energy calculated to annoy suspicious, left-wing Guatemaltecos. Mr. Patterson was a business man before he was a diplomat, and he clearly demonstrated his natural bias when he served as envoy to Yugoslavia from 1944 to 1947.

*

BUT THE SONG IS AN IMPORTANT PART OF the affair and must not be passed over. This is what happened: When a Puerto Rican color guard bearing the American flag took its place in the opening ceremonies of the recent Olympic Games in Guatemala City, the Guatemalan military band struck up "La Borinqueña" instead of "The Star-Spangled Banner." A United Press dispatch described "La Borinqueña" as a popular Puerto Rican dance tune and Ambassador Patterson as "surprised and indignant" at the slur. But "La Borinqueña" is much more than a dance tune; it is the "Dixie" of Puerto Rico, a song that expresses the patriotic love of Puerto Ricans for their native island. For the Guatemalan band to play it was perhaps more of an affront than if it had been a mere dance tune, but the gesture was also one of tribute to the Puerto Rican people, whose national feeling has by no means been submerged in their loyalty to the United States. Mr. Patterson would have been a better diplomat if he had recognized this fact and played up to it instead of raising a pompous, official row. And the State Department would have improved its present rather uneasy relations with Latin American democrats if it had politely agreed to recall Mr. Patterson. However firmly it rejected Guatemala's charge of interference, this large nation would be well advised to overlook pin-pricks and drop the idea of forcing unwanted envoys on unwilling countries.

*

WAR BETWEEN INDIA AND PAKISTAN—A war which would have been ruinous to both—was very near when the Premiers of the two countries, Jawaharlal Nehru and Liaquat Ali Khan, met in New Delhi at the beginning of April. Happily they both acted like statesmen, and the outcome has been an agreement, summarized by Shiva Rao in a dispatch on page 369, which if firmly carried out by both sides should bring a sustained improvement in Indian-Pakistani relations. Conversations between the two Premiers seem to have touched on all matters in dispute but wisely concentrated on the immediate danger—the communal disturbances in East Pakistan and the adjacent Indian provinces of West Bengal and Assam. Until this situation was eased it was useless to discuss in detail such subjects as Kashmir, the division of irrigation waters, and the breakdown of trade relations. However, tentative arrangements have been made for further meetings to review implementation of the agreement and, it is understood, to take up other controversial issues. Meanwhile, although Nehru's determined efforts to maintain peace have encountered a good deal of opposition, political temperatures appear to be cooling. This augurs well for the new move made by the United Nations Security Council toward a settlement of the Kashmir question. Owen Dixon, an Australian high court judge, has been appointed mediator, with instructions to promote an agreement for the demilitarization of Kashmir and prepare the way for a plebiscite to decide the future of that state. It is a tough assignment, but if India and Pakistan both cooperate, as they have promised to do, gradual progress toward ending the long deadlock on this problem should prove possible.

*

IT IS NO MORE POSSIBLE TO HAVE BOTH hydrogen bombs and cheap atomic energy than it was to have both guns and butter in the pre-atomic era. Last spring the Atomic Energy Commission gave General Electric a go-ahead on an experimental atomic power plant which was to serve as a first model for atomic-age utilities. Construction of this plant, for which a site had been prepared near Schnectady, has now been postponed. The brief AEC announcement lists among reasons for the delay "the demands of the expanded atomic-energy production program"—in other words, its stepped-up weapons program. It can only be hoped that the postponement will be temporary and that, as the AEC promises, work on the design of the plant will continue.

*

IN A RECENT ISSUE THE LOS ANGELES *Times* gave becoming first-page-second-section prominence to a speech by Donald B. Douglas, vice-president of the Quaker Oats Company and chairman of the Brand Names Foundation, in which Dr. Douglas pointed out that freedom of the press is now entirely dependent upon brand names. "If there were no brand names, there would be no advertising. If there were no advertising, there would be no free press." To Quaker Oats, then, and not to the First Amendment, must we turn for protection of this freedom. Dr. Douglas also announced that China and Russia have fallen to their low estate because of their failure to cherish the gospel of brand names. "China," he said, "does not need farming machinery and machine guns half as badly as she needs some straight, honest, realistic thinking . . ." on the subject of brand names. In this exalted nonsense one senses the ultimate degradation of the Business Dogma. In the far-off days of George Babbitt the creed had buoyance and charm, but this effort to indoctrinate vast China and dark Russia with the magic of brand names surpasses Babbitt's airiest flights of fancy.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Atomic Conference

THE conference called by the Nation Associates for April 29 and 30 will give expression to one dominant idea: a way must be found to come to a settlement with Russia. The premise underlying the whole discussion is that war in existing circumstances has become unthinkable. It is no more a method by which to preserve democracy against totalitarianism than it is a means of promoting revolution. It will neither help extend one nation's hegemony nor protect other nations from conquest.

So plain are these truths, once the meaning of atomic war is fully understood, that it is unnecessary to project the early birth of an era of brotherhood in order to plan for a way out. Instead one need only assume a desire for survival—national survival or the survival of a system or a ruling group—and one has an unanswerable motive for seeking at least such minimum areas of agreement as will stave off annihilation. But these areas of agreement must be found; and they must include both a method of controlling atomic power and abolishing atomic and other weapons of mass destruction and the terms of a truce in the political struggle that today threatens, at a dozen points of acute friction, to break into atomic war.

We believe the time has come when thinking individuals in every country realize that such a war cannot be fought. We believe many governments have reached the same conclusion even while they are going through the motions of preparing for defense. We believe this moment must be used to bring about a decisive break in the swift, compulsive drive toward general disaster. Once the break is accomplished and fear of war begins to lose its hold, we shall see rapid progress toward the sort of world our scientific knowledge and resources make possible.

It is for these reasons that the Nation Associates has called a conference on "The Atomic Era—Can It Produce Peace and Abundance?" We have invited the participation of scientists and leaders of public opinion who are at once disinterested and informed. The program appears on the inside front and back covers of this issue. Several speakers are yet to be heard from, and an announcement of last-minute acceptances will be published next week. Again we urge readers of *The Nation* to attend the discussion sessions on Saturday and Sunday, April 29 and 30, and the dinner forum on Sunday evening. Out of these meetings will come, we hope, a common effort among the participating groups and individuals to bring about a new attempt for conciliation, agreement, and ultimate peace with Russia.

[For answer see page 368]

Israel After Two Years

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

THE State of Israel and its well-wishers everywhere would celebrate its second anniversary with greater satisfaction if the more serious international threats to its progress had been cleared out of the way. First of these is, of course, the danger of renewed warfare. The delays and stalling operations which have prevented a peace treaty between Israel and the Arab states have enabled the Arab League to patch together its disunited elements and exact from its members a pledge to make peace as a body and on its own terms or not at all. This decision is certainly distasteful to Jordan, which was well on the way toward a general agreement with Israel prior to its recent elections, and also to Britain and the United States, which have been hoping for a settlement favoring Western security in the Levant; but it is not likely to be altered for the present.

One reason why the Arab League can make its decision stick is that the member states, and Egypt in particular, have been piling up new arms supplied by the United Kingdom in obvious conflict with the peace aims the British government appears to cherish. Another obstacle to any early peace is the fear evident in many of the Arab countries that if they lift their trade boycott against Israel, their corrupt and unstable economies will become helplessly dependent upon the more modern, aggressive Israeli economy. The Arab "way of life," they fear, will be swept out of existence, and with it the privileges of the ruling groups.

The terms laid down by the Arab League for peace talks with Israel under the auspices of the United Nations Palestine Conciliation Commission were plainly intended to be unacceptable. They provided that Israel should agree in advance to abide by all past and future U. N. decisions on Palestine (this meant the internationalization of the Jerusalem area, which Israel and Jordan both have rejected); to recognize the rights of all Arab refugees who desire to return to Palestine (also rejected by Israel and no longer demanded by the U. N.);

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and not to hamper the Conciliation Commission's work. In a memorandum to the commission explaining its reasons for turning down these terms, Israel proposed immediate negotiations with each Arab state "by any effective procedure which may be devised" to reach a general settlement and a permanent peace. Having made this offer, the Israeli memorandum went on to accuse the Arab states of conducting an active armament program and a campaign of inflammatory propaganda, indicating that a "war of revenge" is planned by "certain minds at the very summit of political power in the Arab world."

This charge is probably true. Otherwise where can one find a reason for the extravagant rearming of states which are threatened by no outside enemy? But even if active war can be averted, continued competitive military preparation can only have the result of keeping tension high and loading every state, Israel included, with a financial burden none can long endure. Prosperity and progress in the Middle East wait upon an end of this insane competition, for which the United States, one must point out, shares with Britain both responsibility and blame.

Statement on March 6 by Assistant Secretary of State Jack K. McFall, replying for Secretary Acheson to a query from Senator Lodge:

> The British government has made no secret of the fact that the United Kingdom is furnishing military equipment to the Arab states of Jordan, Egypt, and Iraq. . . . I am sure you will agree that it is desirable that the states located in this strategic area should be generally strengthened for defensive purposes. . . . I am happy to inform you that an analysis of information available to the department indicates that no party to the Palestine dispute is making serious preparations to renew hostilities.

The hopeful side of the picture is that both Israel and Jordan, at least, stand to gain through peace. Though Abdullah is now undoubtedly trapped by his reluctant submission to the orders of the Arab League, such an unreal situation cannot hold for long. Even without a formal peace certain parallel policies will probably be adopted by the two states, establishing a modus vivendi which may serve until real peace becomes possible. Unless, of course, war intervenes.

MEANWHILE, in Geneva, the Trusteeship Council, after spending two and a half months on plans for an internationalized Jerusalem, produced a statute that is sheer farce. It follows almost to the letter the Assembly resolution adopted last December, and in so doing slavishly reproduces the unworkable provisions of the 1948 Jerusalem statute. Passed with no dissent, but with the United States and Britain abstaining, the statute creates a *corpus separatum* for Jerusalem and the adjoining area. It provides for a governor who would exercise absolute power even though an advisory "legislative" council would also be chosen. As might be expected, it sets down in detail the measures to protect religious and other human rights and access to the Holy Places. But several hiatuses appear, as the New York *Times* rather ironically pointed out in its report of the decision:

> The statute contains only sketchy provisions on economic affairs, leaving it up to the governor to figure out how such mundane matters as water supply, food, and revenue to run the government will be obtained when the city is cut off from the state machinery of Israel and Jordan, respectively, which now maintain what is inevitably a deficit area.
>
> The text also contains a curious provision under which the people of the city may retain their citizenship in Israel or Jordan and refuse citizenship in the international *corpus separatum,* which might well leave the city without any citizens at all.

Quite apart from what it said or failed to say, the Jerusalem statute was notable for one overriding fact: nobody expected it to be carried into effect. It was a stall from first to last; an elaborate, expensive, absurd fake. It was adopted, in the full knowledge that implementation is impossible, after every device of delay and parliamentary maneuver—adjournments, introduction of other business, endless debate over procedural points—had dragged out the discussion of the statute to the very last moment of the session. The Arab states, acting through Iraq, were defeated in their efforts to get a vote on specific measures to bring the statute into force. In the end a resolution was adopted referring the document to the governments of Israel and Jordan and asking their cooperation in putting it into effect. Since both have rejected it long since, this merely means that the President will report failure to the next session of the Council, in June, and the Council will have to send the whole thing back to the Assembly. And this, ironically, is the best thing that could have happened, given the situation which existed at Geneva.

In the Assembly the fight will be fought all over again, on the same terrain. But a little ground has been gained; at least the unreality and impracticality of the internationalization plan have been demonstrated beyond serious argument and the way opened for the consideration of some sensible alternatives. The curatorship plan, providing for a U. N. commission with jurisdiction only over the Holy Places, may yet offer the basis of an acceptable compromise that would meet the valid claims of the religious interests involved and at the same time protect the wishes and rights of Israel and Jordan.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Notes from Capitol Hill

BY WILLARD SHELTON

Washington, April 13

BIG business, which for eighteen years has been generally unhappy about the election returns, has never given up its fight for Congressional recognition of what it considers its rights. The Kerr natural-gas bill is not the only special-interest bill which the Eighty-first Congress has found itself obliged to consider at the expense of action on civil rights.

The President took round one, and probably broke the hearts of Speaker Rayburn and Senator Kerr when he slapped down the latter's bill with such vigor that its proponents could not muster the energy even to try to override the veto. Rayburn had fought for the bill in one of his rare appearances on the House floor. But the veto message, emphasizing the power of unregulated natural-gas producers to extort from consumers all the traffic would bear, showed that Mr. Truman had carefully studied the facts and that he had nerve enough to offend both the ill-advised Congressional leaders and the Southwest's millionaire oil-and-gas contributors to campaign funds. When the President makes his "non-political" cross-country tour next month, his assertions of his concern for the general welfare as against the "interests" will still make sense.

Another hot fight may begin any day in the Senate over the "compromise" basing-point bill by which the steel, cement, and other industries hope to overturn a Supreme Court decision of 1949 and bring back legalized price-fixing in defiance of the Sherman and Clayton acts. Before the court decision the Federal Trade Commission compiled mountains of statistics to show that the old basing-point system, which established uniform price schedules and uniform freight charges for goods from various key cities, resulted in identical bids on public contracts and identical end prices to private consumers. The FTC argued that even without proof of a direct conspiracy this was illegal, and the Supreme Court agreed. The present "compromise" bill would force the FTC to prove direct conspiracy.

Strangely enough, this bill almost slipped through last year as a sleeper. It was actually passed, with slight variations, by both houses, and the House of Representatives promptly approved a conference-committee bill. Senator Douglas of Illinois blocked the conference version in the Senate last year; Senator Long of Louisiana joined with Douglas this session to prevent a final vote. The delay has given liberal forces time to understand what the bill means, and Douglas and Long think there is a fair chance it will be defeated in the Senate.

The House will soon take up the new tidelands-oil bill, another special-interest measure. The oil companies, backed by the state governments of Texas and Louisiana, are trying to push through a "compromise" that would overrule the Supreme Court's decision in the California tidelands-oil case and forestall suits by the federal government to establish its claim to underwater oil rights along the Louisiana and Texas coasts. The gimmick in this bill, commonly called the "states' rights" measure, is that while assigning the federal government a share of oil royalties it would actually affirm leases to oil companies granted by the states. The major issue—whether these offshore oil reserves belong by law to all the people of the country—would be decided in the negative; the beneficiaries would be oil companies holding state leases.

The House Judiciary Committee has wrangled over the tidelands bill for weeks, with Chairman Emanuel Celler (D., N. Y.) battling for the interests of the federal government. It is probable that the House will pass a "states' rights" version of the bill and that the Senate will once more leave it to President Truman to decide what to do about it. A lot of oil and gas money has poured into party funds, and Texas and Louisiana Democrats won't like it if the tidelands-oil bill is defeated.

But the special interests play no political favorites, as witness a recent measure sponsored by Senator Watkins (R., Utah) and hailed by one power-lobby publicist as much smarter than anything the lobby itself has thought of to block applications of the TVA formula to other river valleys. Watkins proposes that the federal government be permitted to build dams and power facilities but that it then be required to turn over control of power and irrigation projects to interstate associations of water and power consumers. Earnings from the sale of power would be used to repay the government's investment, but the government would have nothing to say about use of the facilities.

On the surface the bill seems designed to enable local authorities to retain control of regional developments. That is why the power companies think it is "smart." The real effect would be to place localities at the mercy of the power and land lobbies, which can get what they want from state governments and state regulatory groups more easily than from federal officials. (As mentioned above, in Louisiana and Texas the state governments are aiding the oil interests.) The Watkins bill will not get anywhere this year, but it is

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

likely to appear in the Republican platform of 1952.

On the brighter side, the Celler committee's investigation of the steel industry should explode some fireworks before its hearings are completed. The committee plans first to present the basic facts about the structure of the industry and then to conduct an inquiry, scheduled for next week, into the record of specific companies. Questions which the committee expects to explore are who controls the dwindling ore supply at home and who is likely to dominate the vast potential ore supplies in Labrador and Venezuela. Control of the ore fields and transportation facilities may give dominant firms a life-and-death power over their theoretical competitors. Also on the committee's agenda is the whole issue of inter-company relationships, including hitherto unpublished facts about the pattern of operations. If all the evidence is developed, the inquiry should lay the groundwork for new legislation tightening various existing laws.

The biennial sham battle about civil-rights legislation will begin in the Senate, according to present plans, when foreign-aid bills are out of the way. Already the Republicans are claiming that the Democrats never had any intention of forcing an FEPC bill to a vote, and that the time to drive the bill through was at the beginning of this year's session. It might perhaps have been done then, but the G. O. P. has no right to throw stones. In the Republican-controlled Congress civil-rights legislation was not called up in the Senate until the special session of August, 1948, after the political conventions. And Senator Wherry, Republican floor leader, cooperated with Southern Democrats at the beginning of 1949 to prevent a revision of Senate rules which would have allowed a majority—or even two-thirds of the members present—to shut off a filibuster at any stage of the debate. The result is that as the session moves toward its late weeks, with appropriation measures, rent control, and social-security reform still pending, the Southern filibusterers have all the advantages.

Actually an FEPC bill or an anti-poll-tax bill can be passed any time the Republicans join wholeheartedly with Northern and Western Democrats to fight the issue out in continuous session and insist on a cloture vote. Many of the Southerners are determined and earnest, but they are a small minority, and they cannot wear out the rest of the Senate if equal determination is shown by those who favor a steady expansion of civil-rights legislation.

"Paris in the Spring"

BY J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

Paris, April 11

AFTER a longer stay here I may have to revise some of my first impressions, but one, at least, is not subject to change. The cost of living, I find, has gone up markedly since I was in France eight months ago. I noticed it right away—in the price of the train ticket from Cherbourg to Paris, of the meal on the train, of my room at the hotel. The first time I made a telephone call from a public box I found it cost fourteen francs instead of the ten I paid last summer; the bus fare was more; newspapers also are higher. Only the prices of textiles have fallen, but this does not mean much to people who, except for the privileged minority who patronize the *grands couturiers*, have always limited their wardrobe to what was strictly necessary.

These increased prices have an immediate political importance. The disproportion between the cost of living and the income of the average Frenchman, which has been a constant worry to post-war French governments, is at present one of the most pressing problems of the Bidault Cabinet. At the end of last week direct talks between industry and labor about wages were announced for the early future, but they have not yet materialized. One obstacle has been the refusal of certain sectors of industry and business to permit the participation of the General Federation of Labor (C. G. T.), which is considered subservient to the Communist Party and responsible for the recent strikes. Since the C. G. T. has stated that it will reject any agreement it has not discussed and approved, its exclusion from the negotiations will condemn them to failure. The conservative *Monde* very sensibly recognized this when it said: "While it may be perilous to welcome to the conference a body resolved to offer systematic opposition, it is also dangerous to ignore the organization which has at its disposal the biggest battalions."

A solution seems almost unattainable. Raising wages is only a deception. Wages have been raised six times since the end of 1945—twice in 1946, three times in 1947, and once in 1948—and in some industries there

J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO'S next article will sum up the opinions of European leaders with whom he has talked on the issues of cold war and total diplomacy. Mr. Del Vayo has just returned to Paris from Monaco, where he attended, as delegate of the Spanish republican Parliament, the annual meeting of the Inter-Parliamentary Union.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have been additional increases, but prices have always won the race. Employers have responded to every successful strike by increasing the price of their product. When the theater workers won their strike, the price of seats was boosted so high that only profiteers and Americans can now enjoy a play. The workers can live; in fact, the reactionary press accuses them of living better than ever before thanks to the various "family allocations"—every child born to a family, for example, brings a government subsidy. But the system is ruinous to the country's finances. The famous supplementary allowance of 3,000 francs "for all workers" demanded by the unions would add many billions of francs to a budget overloaded with appropriations for the military and the war in Indo-China, and would probably make it impossible to continue the family allocations.

WITH the urgency of the problem partly veiled by increased production and the franc's strengthened position, the French Communist Party has just concluded its congress at Gennevilliers. It was a tough and fighting congress. Instead of painting a rosy picture of the future and reiterating its faith in final victory it emphasized the difficulties to be overcome and berated the weakness and vacillation recently displayed even within the party. The problem of the "cadres" and their selection, the necessity of placing in the forefront of every local organization "hard" Communists prepared to make any sacrifice, was a recurring theme in all the principal speeches. In a caustic review of past accomplishments Auguste Lecouer rebuked certain leaders for their softness, declaring that activity had lessened in the Department of the Seine and that in the cities of the southwest, particularly in Toulouse, the Titoists had not been punished severely enough. The fall in membership from 1,000,000 at the time of the Liberation to 800,000 today did not worry the orators. What they demanded was a fighting party.

Communists love to talk in private of the "cold revolution" against reaction at home, and appear to have no illusions about the amount of support they can expect from outside the party. They are aware of their isolation, and in fact this isolation has never been greater than it is today. It is interesting to recall the different state of affairs in 1946, when no government coalition could have been formed without the Communists. The party's recent quarrels with sympathetic intellectuals like Cassou and Vercors have led it to concentrate its efforts on the workers, whose demands are less fine-spun and who are much less prone to "opportunistic and sectarian deviations." The time when the party welcomed the accession of intellectuals and placed them in responsible posts has passed, and though the congress was glad to have the poet Louis Aragon and the eminent atomic scientist Joliot-Curie preside at some of its sessions, the trend toward making the party proletarian rather than intellectual was clear. There was not, however, any purge of intellectuals. They are accepted as members provided they are "safe."

The cold revolution is preparing not simply to resist any attempt to suppress the Communist Party—an eventuality which the party leaders are beginning to consider, though other French politicians, with the exception of fanatical Gaullists, reject it as absurd—but to react vigorously to the daily provocation offered by the right. Thus while the congress was in session Communists were protesting against the publication in *Figaro* of the memoirs of Storm Trooper Skorzeny, "Hitler's chief murderer," who was responsible for the death of many Frenchmen and is suspected today of being in the pay of certain extreme rightist organizations. The street fighting outside *Figaro's* editorial offices on Wednesday afternoon was the most violent I have witnessed in Paris. Sixty persons were injured, and the next day the police carried submachine-guns.

The cold revolution will also be directed against a threatened change in the electoral law, which, according to an impressive analysis of the proposal made by Jacques Duclos in the congress, would bar practically the whole Communist delegation from the next Parliament. And it will carry on an unrelenting fight for peace along lines proposed by Joliot-Curie in his discourse on the atomic bomb. The party believes that its propaganda for peace and its denunciation of French foreign policy, especially with reference to the evolution of the Atlantic Pact and relations with Germany, will tend to break down its isolation and gain it new recruits.

THE first anniversary of the Atlantic Pact was the occasion for a jubilant telegram from the ten European Foreign Ministers who signed the treaty, but doubt and anxiety were also expressed even in countries outside the Moscow orbit. It will be some time before the Atlantic Pact can be made real enough to calm the fears of those who foresee that in the event of war they will be in the path of the Russian avalanche. The Council of Foreign Ministers which directs the alliance meets only at long intervals. There has been too much deference to national pride in the choice of commanders and strategy. The member nations have different ideas about military as about political matters. At the recent meeting of the Military Committee of the Atlantic Alliance, plans for making use of Franco Spain were again considered. The news aroused great resentment in anti-Franco circles in Great Britain, France, Belgium, and Norway, and General Bradley hastened to deny it, but it is an open secret that the use of Spanish airfields as bases for Allied bombers is a favorite theme of some American military experts. Though the report was officially denied, it evidently had some basis in reality.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If the defense plans of the Atlantic Pact nations have not been completely coordinated, neither has much progress toward federation been made by the Council of Europe. The negotiations for a monetary union now going on in Paris have encountered British objections, and the ministers engaged in them have resigned themselves to discussing organizational problems while they wait for the coming meeting of Foreign Ministers at London to create a more favorable atmosphere. Before going to London Mr. Acheson is expected to stop off at Paris and try to level some of the barriers which prevent the Western bloc from acquiring the organic coherence of the Soviet bloc.

But the American Secretary of State's chief reason for going to France will be the German question. The most competent observers here believe that settlement of this question, without undue regard for French susceptibilities and with the sole object of winning the cold war against Russia, is Article One of the "total diplomacy" announced by Mr. Acheson a few weeks ago. The imperative of "containment," in the opinion of these experts, will lead the Americans to disregard all other security measures, ignore the French point of view on German rearmament, and subordinate everything else to the determination to beat Russia at the political game in Germany.

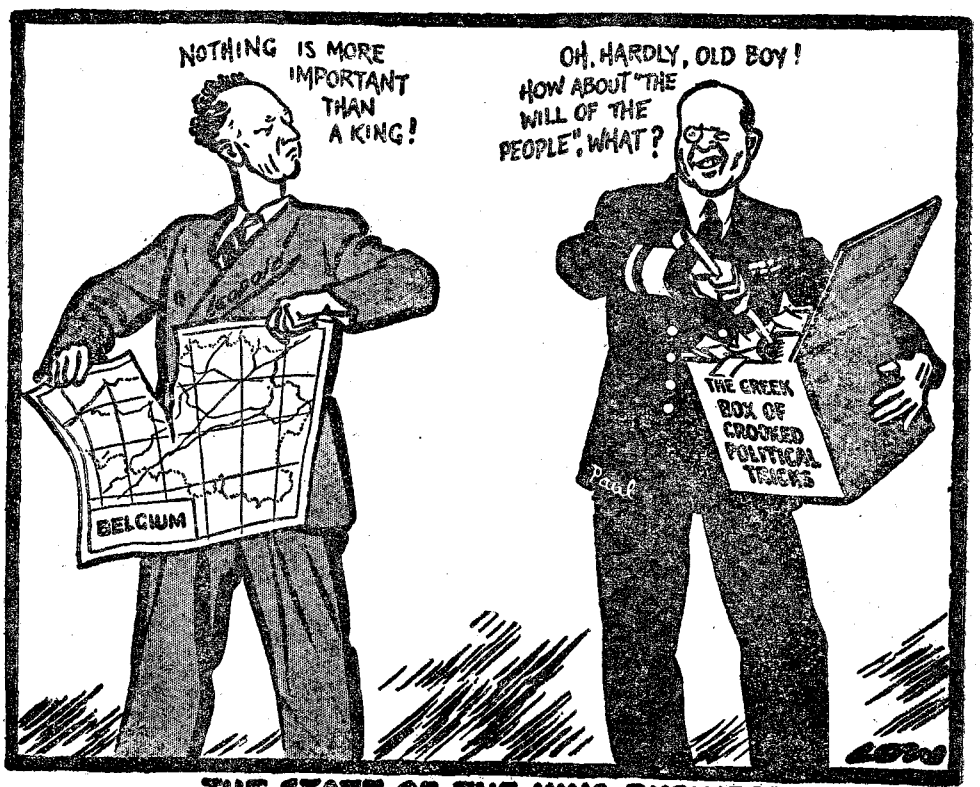
Even a paper like *Combat*, which since the resignation of its able non-Communist editor, Claude Bourdet, follows a sharply anti-Communist line, said on April 7, "The new German policy of the State Department nips in the bud any serious hope of useful negotiations with the Soviet Union."

The conviction that Washington intends to strengthen the Atlantic Pact by taking Germany into all Western combinations and speedily rearming it became an article of faith here as soon as John Foster Dulles was appointed an adviser to Mr. Acheson. In the European view Dulles is undoubtedly the stronger of the two men. He is regarded as the principal architect of a "Grand Atlantic Federation" which will include Germany, an advocate of German rearmament, and a firm opponent of all talks with the Russians. Holding this opinion of him, rightly or wrongly, Europeans believe his appointment indicates a still tougher American attitude.

These developments explain the Communist decision to place the "campaign for peace" ahead of economic action. They explain also why plans to harden the party go hand in hand with appeals for the collaboration of other groups in that campaign. In his closing speech Maurice Thorez said: "In order to carry on the struggle for peace we must make a passionate, tenacious effort for unity. With the Socialist workers use the language of brothers in spite of the treasonable policies of their leaders; avoid every trace of sectarianism. A militant who does not understand a Socialist worker will soon be unable to understand Communist workers. Pursue and develop, without fearing the sarcasm of anti-clericals, the policy of extending the hand to Catholic workers. Say to Christians of all confessions, 'Instead of arguing about whether there is a paradise in the sky, let us unite to prevent a hell on earth, to save our children from catastrophe.' "

These words reveal plainly the difficult, perhaps impossible, dilemma in which the party now finds itself. On the one hand it tightens its ranks and frowns on any "deviation"; this means antagonizing leftist groups with which it might associate itself in face of the mounting reaction; on the other hand it wants allies. But whatever the contradictions of this position, one thing is clear: Thorez's words most certainly presage a new Soviet drive for peace on the eve of the London meeting of the Western Foreign Ministers.

The next few weeks, therefore, will be critical ones, and the European panorama more fascinating than ever.


NOTHING IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN A KING!
OH, HARDLY, OLD BOY! HOW ABOUT "THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE", WHAT?
BELGIUM
THE GREEK BOX OF CROOKED POLITICAL TRICKS
Paul

THE STATE OF THE KING BUSINESS

London *Daily Herald*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DANGEROUS THOUGHTS

Franco Has Flair!

GOD and the Audit Bureau of Circulation alone know how many magazines there are in the United States, but of one thing we are all reasonably sure: there is only one *Flair*. *Flair,* latest spangle in the diadem of the Cowles publishing group is, as you may know, about the size of the old *Vanity Fair* and has the same specific gravity; which is to say that if you are hungering for a picture of a Siamese cat swathed in pearls or the Duchess of Windsor's pipe-organ converted into a bookcase by *trompe l'oeil*, you can count on finding them in *Flair's* splashy, irregular-sized pages. Since the magazine is filled with inserts, booklets, swatches, and pop-ups, it presents difficulties to anyone not equipped with an opposable thumb, but if one has this anatomical feature, as well as a strong stomach, one can find several dandy tidbits in its columns.

About Spain, for instance. Considerable attention is given to Spain in *Flair's* second issue—five articles and numerous photographs, to be exact, all elaborating its significance in the current Holy Year. The sweetest note is struck in a column of advice to prospective travelers there. "All political discussions should be shunned if only out of courtesy," it warns; and again, "Papers should always be carried, particularly a harmless little document called a *triplico*. . . . Marked on entering and leaving any hotel, asked for automatically on signing the register, it is the Spanish way of checking the moves of foreigners. On leaving the country, the *triplico* is turned in, with every day and every change of address accounted for."

It seems to this reader that *Flair* might well have suggested, along with its tips on hotels and sightseeing, a few requisites the tourist would do well to pack in his bags to facilitate his trip. First on the list, of course, should be a good sturdy dictaphone with a sensitive range. The instrument need not be expensive or showy, just a compact, inconspicuous diaphragm that will record any incautious groans emitted while shaving or awakening from slumber. A set of extra keys to the visitor's suitcases will also save the police unnecessary irritation.

Perhaps the most valuable service the voyager can render those interested in his activities is to provide a brief but exhaustive dossier. This should be sewn into coat-linings or placed in handbags where the police agent will have easy access to it. It should contain a record of all the organizations one has ever belonged to, whether or not they are deemed subversive by the Attorney General—bowling groups, Christmas savings plans, Fruit-of-the-Month Clubs, the National Geographic Society, and the Williams After-Shave Club.

Having provided for the protection of the feelings of his hosts, the traveler should now give thought to his own sensibilities. A pair of smoked glasses is strongly indicated to insure the wearer against seeing too much. Ear stopples likewise are useful; in combination with six or seven glassfuls of Anis del Mono drunk in quick succession they can subdue a government propaganda broadcast so that it almost sounds like a brush solo by Gene Krupa.

Altogether, what with advertisements for the Spanish State Railways flowering all over the joint and *Flair* putting its lovely white-powdered shoulder to the wheel, it looks like a bumper summer for Spanish tourism. The twang of guitars, the clack of castanets, and the wail of the flamenco, muted these fourteen years, have made their reappearance, and it's as much as you can do to resist them. There is, nevertheless, one fairly effective antidote. Get yourself those smoked glasses and ear stopples, spend more and more time in bed away from newsstands, and should you even then chance to fall afoul of a fifty-cent magazine with a lot of little magazines protruding from it, don't ask any questions. Just duck.

THE OBSERVER

"Si, Señor, you will find everything in Spain at once bigger and better —the flowers beautiful beyond words—education rampant—happiness, money, and liberty everywhere. Even the bulls are bigger. I myself have beheld a bull twice as high as a man and weighing over 15,000 pounds. You will comprehend, Señor, this is a stupendous amount of bull—no?"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Frank Graham's Primary Education

BY TOM SCHLESINGER

Washington, April 12

SENATOR FRANK PORTER GRAHAM, the happy-eyed and slightly rumpled ex-university president, is fighting for his political life in a torrid, three-cornered North Carolina primary. His opponents are the former Tar Heel Führer, ex-Senator Robert R. Reynolds, and Willis Smith, a past president of the American Bar Association, once speaker of the state House of Representatives. The voters have a crystal-clear choice, all within one party—the liberalism of Graham, the middle-of-the road conservatism of Smith, or the wild-eyed demagogy of Reynolds. Most experts feel, however, that no candidate will receive a majority in the May 27 primary, and that the race will eventually be decided in a run-off between the top two.

The puzzling question is whether the people wish to return to their traditional, slightly conservative leadership or to continue the "Go Forward" policy established in the 1948 upset election won by the state's liberal and agrarian-minded Governor, W. Kerr Scott. Scott, who appointed Graham to the Senate last March on the death of J. Melville Broughton, was elected over the opposition of the state Democratic machine and despite the violation of the traditional rule that candidates should come alternately from the eastern and western parts of the state. Scott, a westerner, was victorious in what should have been an eastern year. His "Go Forward" program was not unlike the national Fair Deal in its basic philosophy. It included putting through the legislature a $200,000,000 road-building program and setting a precedent in the South by appointing a Negro to the state Board of Education.

As a result North Carolina is actively divided into pro- and anti-Scott forces, the latter being generally demoralized machine Democrats, leaderless until Smith stepped into the breach. Graham's main support should come from the Scott followers—farmers, labor, and Negroes. His secondary strength will be his own, the loyal University of North Carolina alumni. Many are now serving as unpaid workers with an enthusiasm that at times approaches the fervor of evangelism. His opposition, sometimes just as fervent, will be chiefly from industrialists, dissident Democrats, and their offshoots—reactionaries, white supremacists, Dixiecrats.

Insiders feel that the quiet, friendly educator is well out in front today, but that he will have trouble staying there in the face of the determined assaults of his two challengers. Even in "the most progressive of Southern states," his generally liberal national and international outlook is often attacked. His enemies say he is too far left of the people, and call him "soft-headed" because he has taken part in or let his name be used for so many front organizations. His friends are just as quick to point out that the Moscow radio has repeatedly berated him as "a tool of American capitalism."

Graham has followed the Fair Deal line, with two notable exceptions. He opposes the national health-insurance bill, and he will vote against the FEPC. Although he is for an FEPC in principle, he objects to the bill's federal sanctions. However, he believes the Senate should vote on the issue and is therefore, along with Pepper and Kefauver, excluded from Southern Senators' FEPC strategy meetings. There is little doubt that his refusal to support a filibuster will hurt him at home.

ALTHOUGH Reynolds is the better known and more flamboyant of Graham's opponents, Smith is expected to be the bigger threat. He has the confidence and strong backing of the state industrialists, with the exception of some maverick textile men who favor cheap power rates. Smith says: "I believe the majority of North Carolinians are not in favor of all the things . . . Senator Graham stands for. It would be a great opportunity for someone who wants to represent the real viewpoint of the state." To this he adds, "I approve of Senator Clyde Hoey's position on almost everything."

What does this mean? Hoey, the state's senior Senator, is a conservative. Although he and Graham are usually together on foreign issues, they are as often poles apart on domestic matters. In the first session of the Eighty-first Congress they voted together on sixteen major bills, split on seven. They disagreed vitally on labor legislation, the minimum wage, and power development. In the present session they have differed on the co-op section of the housing bill, the Kerr natural-gas bill, and displaced-persons legislation. Hoey, too, is one of the eighteen Southern Democrats who have banded together to "fight to an end" against the FEPC.

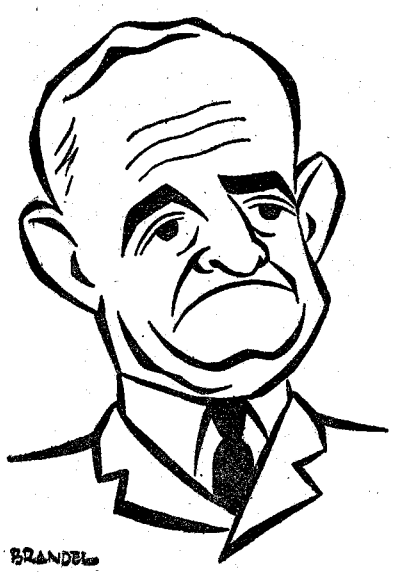
Smith has been out of active politics for nineteen years, although he was chairman of the Democratic State Convention in 1940 and a delegate to the National Convention in Chicago in 1944. Along with a majority of the delegation in 1944, he supported Truman for Vice-President over Wallace. Before quitting politics

---

TOM SCHLESINGER was formerly Washington correspondent for the Charlotte, North Carolina, News. *He is now on the staff of the Washington* Post.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for the more profitable corporation-law field, he served three terms in the state legislature, one year as Speaker. He was an observer at the Nürnberg trials in 1946 and a member of the President's Amnesty Board in 1947. He is chairman of the Board of Trustees of Duke University, the great rival of Graham's University of North Carolina. Despite his many honors he is still comparatively unknown in the state, especially in the populous Piedmont section. He is convinced, however, that strong latent resentment against both Graham and Reynolds will react in his favor. He has attacked Graham viciously on the civil-rights issue and is stumping the state's hundred counties trying to sell his dead-center conservatism, a not too exciting product.



Senator Graham

The big show, of course, is being put on by that veteran campaigner, Bob Reynolds. Most people thought "Our Bob" had consigned himself to the political boneyard for good when he refused to run against former Governor Clyde R. Hoey in 1944. His unpopularity then was so great that he admitted he couldn't get elected again if he tried.

A mud-slinger of renown, Reynolds was a political unknown in 1932 when he defeated the wealthy Cameron Morrison by the largest majority given up to then to a candidate for major office in a North Carolina primary. He stumped the state in a rattletrap car during the dark days of the depression. To North Carolina common folk he described the luxury in which Morrison lived in Washington, showing a picture of the Mayflower Hotel as his residence, telling of his mythical "gold spittoon" and how he lived on "caviah—red Rooshan fish aigs." However, his marriage to Evalyn Walsh McLean lifted him from the "poor-boy" class.

"Buncombe Bob's" platform is dangerously simple. In brief, he is for states' rights, $100-a-month pensions for everyone over sixty-five, lower income taxes, an end to all foreign expenditures after present commitments have been met, and stopping immigration until unemployment has been cut to less than a million.

Reynolds is probably right in his belief that the bulk of his support will come from the same people who elected him in 1932 and 1938. Announcement of his candidacy against Graham was the major surprise of the political season. Under the east-west convention he would have been expected to oppose Hoey, the western Senator. But the east-west business is no great obstacle, as Governor Scott proved.

Favoring Reynolds's chances are his agile tongue, his campaigning experience, and his unlimited financing. One of his liabilities is his pre-war record: he voted against repeal of the arms embargo, against revision of the Neutrality Act, against transfer of Axis ships, against extension of the draft, against arming of merchant ships; and was the only Southern Senator to oppose both Lend-Lease acts. Also against him are his frank admiration for Hitler and Mussolini, his support of the Nationalist Vindicator movement, and his friendship with persons like Gerald L. K. Smith and Gerald Winrod. He can still make a lot of trouble.

GRAHAM has two staunch supporters in Governor Scott and Democratic National Committeeman Jonathan Daniels, publisher of the influential Raleigh *News and Observer*. His business backing includes J. Spencer Love, president of Burlington Mills.

His position in the state is still unique. Last March, when he left for Washington, he had been thirty-four years at the university, the last nineteen as president. Under his leadership Chapel Hill had become a dynamic source of liberalism throughout the South. He walked into the middle of a smear campaign but managed to escape unscathed. Even his enemies like him. They think him easily duped, naive, perhaps dangerous on Capitol Hill, but still nature's nobleman. This contagious personality is equally effective in Washington; witness Drew Pearson in a recent column:

> When Dr. Graham was appointed to the Senate . . . John Bricker, right-wing Republican, raised the clamor that the newcomer was "a radical."
>
> Senator Forrest Donnell of Missouri, a conscientious conservative, asked his G. O. P. colleague Wayne Morse, "What kind of fellow is Graham? You served with him on the War Labor Board."
>
> To deeply religious Donnell, Senator Morse replied, "Forrest, I have often said you were the most Christian man I know. Frank Graham is the most Christlike man I know."
>
> Months later Donnell remarked to Morse: "Remember what you said about Frank Graham being the most Christlike man you know? Well, I share your opinion."

In North Carolina, Graham's future depends on his ability to parry thrusts on his race views and former connections with currently suspect groups, as well as on how effectively he can sell his liberalism. In a sense the campaign is his political debut. And he is learning the hard way that mill hands in Gastonia much prefer to hear about his labor record than about his successes in Indonesia.

Answer to Who's Who? page 360: Lewis, Vandenberg

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A War Avoided

BY SHIVA RAO

New Delhi, April 11

"WE HAVE stopped at the edge of a precipice and turned our backs on it." This was Prime Minister Nehru's description of the pact he and the Premier of Pakistan, Liaquat Ali Khan, signed on Saturday, April 8. Nehru was greatly moved as he reviewed for the Indian Parliament the events which led up to the pact. "For weeks," he said, "we faced tragedy and disaster that seemed to be the prelude to even greater catastrophes." Many people on both sides of the Indo-Pakistan frontiers have seriously discussed war as the only solution. A less drastic remedy considered was an exchange of populations—twelve million Hindus to be moved out of East Pakistan and eight and a half million Moslems out of Bengal and Assam.

Nehru emphatically declared that neither solution was possible. His critics throughout India rejected the idea of another personal interview with Ali Khan. "Didn't Chamberlain see Hitler several times?" they wrote mockingly in editorials. Criticism began to assume ominous forms. Men who were close associates of Gandhi's assassin two years ago and who had retired into the background suddenly became active. Deputy Premier Patel, the strong man of the Congress Party, took prompt preventive action, and detention orders were swiftly issued to remove the extremists from circulation.

These were not the only symptoms of dangerous discontent. Trains have been wrecked in several parts of India during the past week. The Communists have been consolidating their positions along a narrow strip of India's eastern seaboard adjoining Hyderabad, taking advantage of the thick jungle and hill territory to establish local pockets of influence.

Despite these unfavorable circumstances Nehru decided to make another attempt to reach a settlement with Pakistan. Sadly he confessed that many agreements had been made in the past—and many broken. The latest accord, he believes, has peculiar significance: "Our future depends upon the measure of compliance by Pakistan and India."

The two Premiers negotiated for an entire week, discussing, as Liaquat Ali Kahn said, "everything under the sun." All the problems which divide India and Pakistan today—resumption of normal trade relations, Kashmir's future, distribution of irrigation waters, and so forth—were mentioned if not fully thrashed out. Nehru rightly concentrated on the situation in Bengal and East Pakistan. Extremely sensitive to human suffering, he told Parliament that throughout the negotiations he saw "an unending stream of unhappy, fear-stricken refugees, uprooted from their homes, facing the dark and unknown future." Such scenes of horror, he said, had been enacted in many places—he meant in both countries. The time had come "for a final effort to end this rot or to drift inevitably toward catastrophe."

The two Premiers dealt first with the fundamental issue whether minorities in Pakistan, which has proclaimed itself an Islamic state, could expect to enjoy all rights of citizenship regardless of religion and race. India has representatives of Moslems, Christians, and untouchables at New Delhi, and several state Cabinets are similarly constituted. Many of India's ambassadors abroad are Moslems. Pakistan has not the same convincing proofs to offer. Nevertheless, its Premier has now promised that minorities will have all rights and opportunities without discrimination. Pakistan's permanent constitution, now being drafted, would make it clear that the government's basic principles are democratic.

The agreement offers uprooted persons who seek refuge elsewhere protection of life and property. Ultimately an attempt will be made to persuade them to return to their original homes—whether they are Hindus from East Pakistan or Moslems from Bengal and Assam. Meanwhile both governments will adopt similar practices and policies to hasten the restoration of normal peaceful conditions. These will include punishment of the guilty, non-recognition of forced conversions, recovery of abducted women, and return of looted property.

To foster the revival of confidence, India and Pakistan will each assign a Minister to remain in the disturbed region to supervise the carrying out of the agreement. Bengal, Assam, and East Pakistan will immediately add to their Cabinets a representative of the minority group. Disputes over breaches of the pact will be settled by the two Premiers as final authority.

Nehru has expressed the view that the agreement should bring immediate relief from the acute tension of the recent past. He sees it as a ray of hope for the future which may be "extended into a full flood of light from the sun." Complete elimination of the sense of insecurity and fear, he has rightly insisted, should precede all other steps to prevent recurrence of the tragic upheavals the subcontinent has witnessed.

Nehru has not concealed his deep loathing for the

SHIVA RAO is The Nation's *correspondent in India. He was a member of India's delegation at the last Assembly of the U. N.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

barbarism and inhuman behavior of the people in both countries. Last night he said on the radio that even if Pakistan failed to honor some articles of the agreement, India should not deviate from the path of duty, since that was Gandhi's teaching, indorsed by centuries of tradition.

Pakistan's Premier, who also broadcast last night, struck a similarly high note, appealing for the cessation of violence and strife. In one respect he ventured even farther than Nehru. Why should not India and Pakistan have a non-aggression pact? he asked. That is bound to come, but first the foundations of proper understanding must be laid through faithful observance of present commitments.

Nehru modestly claimed that the agreement just reached was but a step in the right direction. Other steps are in sight. One newspaper made the apt comment yesterday that conditions have proved that neither India nor Pakistan nor the Commonwealth of which both are members nor even the continent of Asia can progress while there remains the threat of chronic conflict between the two countries. Nehru thinks that we have at long last turned back from the edge of the precipice. I am convinced he is right.

BESIDE THE POINT

THE head of the department of parasitology at the New York Hospital, Dr. Morton H. Kahn, has discovered that the radio can be used to kill mosquitoes. According to the New York *Times*, Dr. Kahn proved his point by means of an experiment he recently carried out in Cuba. He broadcast from the center of "a vast bog" the recorded sound of a female mosquito, *Anopheles quadrimaculatus*, amplified a million times. The sound attracted all the male mosquitoes within a radius of one mile—and all were forthwith electrocuted on a 10,000-volt grill attached to the loudspeaker.

A gruesome tale, but that is only the half of it. The other half, for some reason best known to the gentlemen who conduct the *Times*, was played down and well-nigh concealed in a single brief statement: "The record of a male mosquito sound will not attract females in this manner, Dr. Kahn reported." The writer of the account (male?) hurried on to Dr. Kahn's assertion that "experiments indicate that the female mosquito voice can be broadcast over commercial radio stations"—we would have sworn it *had* been—and his further eager remark that "if every home radio set were equipped with an electrical grill over the loudspeaker powerful enough to kill amorous male mosquitoes but not enough to harm slipshod dialers or children, the *master female* mosquito voice could be broadcast from New York and carried through the land (italics and raised eyebrows ours)."

Margaret Mead, we are sure, will know how to interpret this new set of data—derived, as the best data are these days, from a primitive culture—on male versus female. James Thurber will draw (we hope) his own conclusions. Dr. Kinsey will be driven to new investigations.

We await with eagerness and some trepidation the experts' explanation of why Mrs. Anopheles Quadrimaculatus failed to respond to the broadcast of the male mosquito's voice, amplified though it was a million times. We have our own theory, of course. We suspect that she already had as many giveaways as she could take care of, was tired of commercials, and being at best a slipshod dialer had switched the damn thing off.

N. B. (Nobody's Business): We can be reasonably sure that three thousand years from now the Immanuel Velikovsky of Widows' Bog, Cuba, will write a sensational book in which he will deduce the following: In about the year 1950 a come-on later identified as Venus lured the male population of the bog to destruction; the race would have died out but for the happy circumstance that males were imported by air lift from the western, we mean the outlying, bogs—though the bothersome disproportion between the sexes was never overcome; after a brief period of "collective amnesia" the inhabitants of the bog returned to normal, except that they were given to telling very queer stories about what went on in the forgetful phase, which came to be known as the Era of Challenge and Response.

OTTO STRUVE, reviewing Velikovsky's "Worlds in Collision" in the New York *Herald Tribune Book Review* tried to explain why the book was being assigned so much space and such high-powered scientific reviewers—including himself and Kaempffert in the *Times*. One of the reasons he gave was that it was published by "a firm which has established a reputation for its excellent textbooks in many branches of physical science." It is also the firm that published "Forever Amber."

OUR PARTICULAR OBJECTION to "Worlds in Collision" is that it reduces one of our favorite Biblical heroes, Joshua, to the dimensions of the man from Arkansas who flagged a train in the New York subway and thought that was why it stopped.

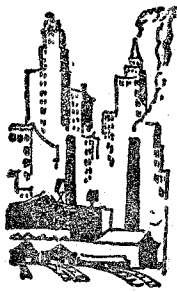
GRAMMAR FOR REPUBLICANS

> Generally, we have better health, better houses, better house furnishings, better schools than less fortunate people elsewhere.—*Senator Taft.*

An example of *redundancy* or *Taftology*.

M. M.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

Congested Capital

COMMENTING on my article in the April 1 issue, Big Steel Is Peeved, Mrs. Elinore M. Herrick, the well-known authority on labor relations, writes:

> I agree that U. S. Steel and others were too hasty in raising their prices before they knew what the union's pension "package" would actually cost. But in his comment on Mr. Voorhees' exposition of the corporate finance policies of U. S. Steel, I think Mr. Hutchison's criticism of the corporation is unsound. Mr. Hutchison hits at U. S. Steel because it appears "consistently and successfully to have aimed at financing expansion out of profits." We all know that the goal of full employment requires constant expansion of productive capacity. The Steel Workers' Union and President Truman and his Economic Advisers have all harped on the specific need for expanded steel capacity. Risk capital is becoming harder and harder to attract as production expenses rise and taxes take an even higher part of individual income. Over the past twenty years all business has had to plow back a larger and larger part of its profits to modernize and replace equipment, and to expand capacity as business is being constantly urged to do. . . . Mr. Hutchison apparently believes industry should be damned if it doesn't and damned if it does! He seems confused to me.

I am grateful to Mrs. Herrick for her criticism since it gives me an opportunity to discuss at greater length the problem of corporate financing with special reference to United States Steel. First, although I expressed no opinion about the desirability of expanding the steel industry, let me hasten to agree that full employment for our growing population will certainly increase demands on the most basic of our industries. But to urge expansion of the steel industry is not the same thing as asking for a bigger Big Steel.

Many people, some of them far less "radical" than I, consider that United States Steel is already over-size. Senator Taft a few weeks ago said: "There is a doubtful question, namely, whether the U. S. Steel Corporation is so predominant that it has the power to fix prices and at least modify the usual effect of competition." If such a condition were found to exist, he went on, the remedy might be legislation limiting the proportion of any industry which could be controlled by one company.

Personally, I would regard this as an unsatisfactory cure, for limiting a company's sales by quota will hardly induce it to compete more vigorously. It would be sounder policy, I believe, to break up sprawling, overcentralized corporations like Big Steel into a number of independent concerns. Judging by the history of the oil industry since the Rockefeller trust split up more than forty years ago, it can hardly be claimed that such a move would lead to stagnation.

Another way of increasing competition would be to discourage by changes in the tax laws or other means the self-financing of giant corporations which enables them to grow bigger by accretion. In my previous article I pointed out that although Mr. Voorhees, chairman of United States Steel's finance committee, had stated that if possible equity securities should be used to finance increased capacity, actually in forty-eight years of fairly steady growth the corporation has only once sold new stock. Year by year the directors have decided to reinvest in the business a considerable proportion of the earnings and have thus been able to expand without submitting their plans to the test of the market.

Mrs. Herrick thinks that my criticism of this procedure fails to take account of the fact that high taxes and rising production costs have made it increasingly hard to attract risk capital. That does not explain, however, why United States Steel consistently resorted to self-financing prior to 1930, when taxation was relatively light. But in any case, the plea that equity capital cannot be obtained on reasonable terms deserves to be reexamined. In the January issue of the *Controller*, W. F. Stanley, a leading public-utility executive, pointed out that common stocks of industrial corporations were selling at about five times earnings, a ratio which made the sale of new stock inordinately expensive. One reason for this low market valuation, he suggested, was the fact that the average company paid out less than half its profits in dividends. Investors, said Mr. Stanley, tend to value stocks on the basis of income received. Thus utility stocks, on which dividends represent 70 to 75 per cent of profits, sell at about eleven times earnings and new issues are easily marketed. "May not this be a vicious circle," he asked, "the low dividends increasing the cost of equity money to prohibitive heights, and this prohibitive cost preventing necessary equity financing, and this compelling the retention of earnings for expansion?"

Every financial editor knows from his correspondence that the meager proportion of earnings paid out in dividends disturbs many investors. It is also a matter of public concern, for as Walter Lippmann so forcibly put it in his book "The Great Society" (1943), the effect of the habitual retention of profits "is to aggrandize certain corporations beyond their true economic worth and to cause a congestion of capital in the wrong places."

The remedy, I believe, is revival of the undistributed-profits tax coupled with partial rebate of the corporation tax on earnings paid to stockholders. If that were done, compelling corporations to distribute the bulk of their profits, stockholders could decide for themselves how they wanted to use money which, as Mr. Stanley put it, they are now "forced to reinvest against their will, or at least without their consent." Almost certainly the result would be a better supply of venture capital and a stronger investment market, in which Big Steel could seek funds for expansion in competition with other concerns. Quite possibly, since it is less efficient than some other manufacturers of steel, it might encounter difficulty in selling new shares and its growth would be checked. But that would not necessarily be a bad thing; nor would it mean a halt to expansion of the steel industry as a whole.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS and the ARTS

Essays and Asides

ON WRITERS' CONFERENCES, I

BY ROLFE HUMPHRIES

RUMORS were rife, on the campus of one university whose Writers' Conference I worked for last summer, of imminent invasion by a battery of photographers from a famous magazine. One intrepid operative claimed he had access to the very top-secret instructions; they were, in effect: louse it up, make it look as much like the old-fashioned Chautauqua as possible. The rumor proved a false alarm; on this campus no photographer ever showed up. On another campus a good many miles away another university had held another Writers' Conference. There was a photographer from the magazine at this one. Assiduous, ubiquitous, taking candid shots, and some not so candid, all over the place.

The spread has not yet appeared in the famous magazine, and it may turn out to be merely one of those things which seemed like a good idea at the time. If it does appear, it will, I expect, be a little cruel, quite clever, very speciously fair-minded; it will hit off, slickly, plausibly, and superficially, the surface aspects; it will not be very searching, very conscientious, or even very honest.

At first glance, Writers' Conferences do have, it is only fair to admit, many resemblances to the old-fashioned Chautauqua. There is plenty of room for improvement. Too many of those who come list their achievements, in the Conference Who's Who, as "Housewife; interests general," or point with pride to their little book of verse, called "Flinging Piquant Whimsies," published by one of the more notorious vanity houses. Too many are borderline psychopathic cases, whether deteriorating or convalescent; too many are not really serious about going to the trouble it takes to become writers. Too few have talent. Too many scheme in advance, doting on it later, for the opportunity of calling a writer by his first name, and getting his intimate inscription on the flyleaf of a book they will never read. The staffs have their share of misfits: the good writer, but poor teacher, who is frightened at teaching, comes to hate it, mumbles diffidently and perfunctorily, and gets out as quickly as possible; the literary racketeer who is operating a few profitable catchpenny sidelines; the stuffy egotist who reads his own works all the time; the insecure and second-rate hack who compensates for his inferiority by being extremely nasty and insulting to the aspirants. University administrations, and the Departments of English, are coldly tolerant, or secretly hostile and suspicious; towns resent the intrusion of the invaders from Bohemia, whose private lives are probably not all they should be. The specter of economic determinism rears its ugly head; the conference is a success if its all too stingy budget is balanced, wherefore the harassed director has to accept anybody with the available tuition. The university is a state institution, wherefore there will be a holler in the legislature, and an investigation, probably a reduction in the appropriations, if any manuscript sent in with a state postmark is rejected.

I recognize all this. Yet, with fourteen years' experience, at three annual conferences, in three different parts of the country, I am convinced that Writers' Conferences have, even as they are, great actual value, and, as they might be, infinitely greater possibilities. The faults lie on the surface; the virtues are deeper down. Such reports as have been made seem to me to have been half-hearted and apologetic, shamefaced almost, as if the reporters had been caught stealing sheep, and inclined to smirk, half guiltily, half brazenly, and dismiss the whole business as not very important anyway. There is considerably more to be said; more that ought to be taken seriously.

Conference, from the Latin, means a bringing together. Who gets brought together, then, and what good does it do?

To begin with, people who have some interest, however faint, however yearning, however dimly apprehended, in writing. Many of them are very lonely, from towns, usually fairly good-sized, where their interest has isolated them, where they may even feel a certain stigma attached to their ambitions. They get, if nothing else, a bit of reassurance from learning that they are not the only ones, that scarcely a parochial outpost but has a comrade, a sentinel, on duty.

While this camaraderie is developing among the registrants, something like it is happening to the members of the staff. The novelist meets the poet; the writer of mystery stories, the biographer. They like each other; they drop in, now and then, on each other's classes. The poet is heartened when he hears the novelist mention a craft problem that the former had supposed was a perplexity peculiar to poets; the novelist, hearing the poet talk about the importance of sound, makes a few notes. They speak the same language. They have none of them read each other's books; they will, now; they may even exchange autographed copies.

As the conference goes along, another kind of bringing together is accomplished. If the director knows his business, the members of his staff presently find themselves meeting some of the teachers in the university; a tactful director can perform the introductions in such a way that each party feels complimented. The writer may have held in his unconscious the portrait of the professor as represented in the articles of belief according to the American Credo: myopic, dry-orbed, pedantic, absent-minded, dull. It turns out that college teachers are not like this at all. They are, of course, the victims of their peculiar occupational diseases just as inevitably as West Virginia miners succumb to silicosis; but

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

some of them manage to stay healthy. Not all of them are frustrated writers; not all of them hate literature; not all of them praise dead writers only. You find them, some of them, interested and alive, doing a good job in the face of all kinds of difficulty and anxiety; some of them have ideas, and stimulating conversation. Many of them, like the registrants, you find out, are feeling shut in, cut off, lonely. A lot of them are good fellows.

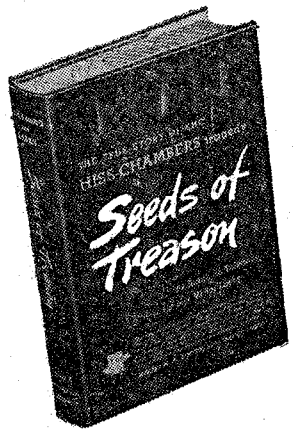
This is not the only contact that the writer who is a staff member makes with the conductors of American education. He finds among the students in his workshop a high proportion of secondary- and elementary-school teachers. Some of these do not profess to be writers at all; they are auditors, English teachers by profession. They have a long vacation but not enough money for the Grand Tour, at least not every summer; Writers' Conferences are usually very inexpensive, and once in a while an enlightened school board may offer as many points' "alertness credit" for two weeks at such a conference as for an entire summer at Teachers' College.

It is good for these teachers to see writers in person, as distinguished from the long framed portraits, hanging on the Seventh Grade walls, of the bearded illustrious of the nineteenth century. It is good, too, for writers, who would come to teaching high-school or grade-school English only as a measure of extreme desperation, still to have a finger in the pie, by remote control, and to be able to give to these teachers a hint or two as to how literature might be taught without completely antagonizing the readers of the future.

There are also, if the conference is one which does not limit attendance strictly to contributors, some people who neither teach nor intend to write —in other words, your general reader. Certainly it is not the main purpose of a Writers' Conference to bring together author and reader; equally certainly no harm is done if each faces, and is faced by, the other.

What all this adds up to is that at a Writers' Conference the writer is brought together, in a social way, with his function. The primary function of a writer is, of course, to write. A soli-

New—FUNK & WAGNALLS BOOKS



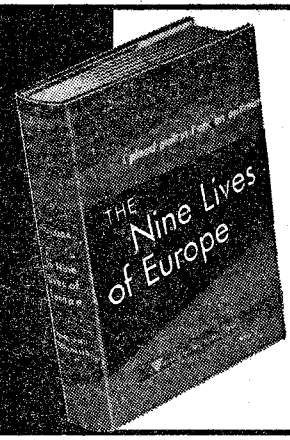
Just out!

SEEDS OF TREASON

The True Story of the Hiss-Chambers Tragedy

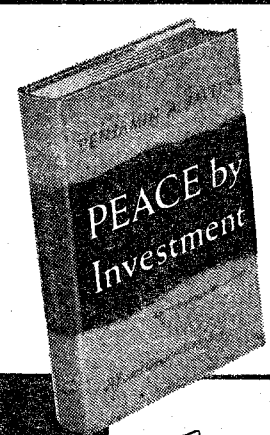
by Ralph de Toledano and Victor Lasky

"THE first complete account of the greatest trial of our time, one which has confused and divided Americans as the Dreyfus case split another generation in France. But the brilliant book, as exciting as a detective story and as factual as a multiplication table, in the end puts to rest all those doubts which so long have troubled thoughtful Americans."
—WILLIAM L. WHITE, *Emporia Gazette*
A Newsweek Book. $3.50



THE NINE LIVES OF EUROPE ***by Leo Lania***

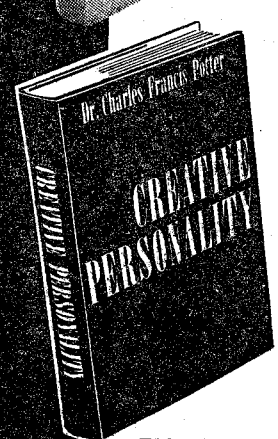
"LEO LANIA'S *Nine Lives of Europe* is, to me the most acute of the many studies of that continent made by American reporters since World War II. This is due to the fact that the author knows so thoroughly what he is talking about . . . impressionistic and disturbing . . . thoughtful and provocative."—EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER, *Saturday Review of Literature.*
A United Nations World Book. $3.50



PEACE by INVESTMENT

by Benjamin A. Javits

"A BOLD new plan to buy prosperity and peace by investing in people. "A masterful job...a convincing argument as to why a philosophy which has worked economic wonders in the United States would work equal wonders in the world."—*New York Times Book Review*
A United Nations World Book. $3.50



CREATIVE PERSONALITY

by Dr. Charles Francis Potter

"THE humanistic answer to various peace-of-mind and soul books which have recently been calling us to *retreat* to some sacred mountain or other. Dr. Charles Francis Potter challenges us to go *forward* instead and find our inspiration in evolutionary life itself."
— HARRY ELMER BARNES.
"THE BOOK millions of devout, educated but confused persons have been longing for to bridge the so-called chasm between science and religion."—ALBERT EDWARD WIGGAM
$2.50

FUNK & WAGNALLS CO. • NEW YORK 10, N.Y.

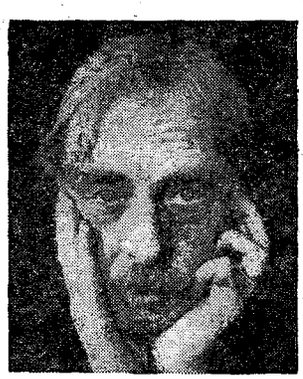
Publishers of the New Standard Dictionaries

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tary and lonesome business; we sometimes tend, I think, to make it a secret and furtive one. Writers are imperfectly gregarious: they need to, and do, meet other people, as often as not at literary parties. They need to, and do, talk shop with each other. But in all this there is something a little defensive, a little exclusive; the sociability is that of the occupants of a beleaguered city, or—this is exaggerating—that of the inmates of the cells of the condemned. There is the danger that inhabitants of cells, in order not to think of themselves as condemned, will think of themselves as the elect: so we get cenacles, cults, coteries. What a Writers' Conference does is offer the writer, in however limited and temporary a fashion, a community, where he has a position of responsibility, where he has status and dignity. People can say, "He is a poet," and no one else will say, "Oh, oh." The writer can say, "I am a poet," and feel no impulse whatsoever to follow the statement with deprecation or apology. You are important because you, as a writer, have come to talk with people who are interested in what you care most about, namely, writing. This experience is not vouchsafed you too often in the ordinary walks of life.

Come, come, Humphries—I seem to

paul valery



SELECTED WRITINGS

First American publication of a representative selection of Valery's work in translation... poems, prose poems, essays, philosophical and aesthetic writings $3.50

A NEW DIRECTIONS BOOK

ISCHIA

For Brian Howard

There is a time to admit how much the sword decides,
With flourishing horns to salute the conqueror,
Impassive, cloaked and great on
Horseback under his faffling flag.

Changes of heart should also occasion song, like his
Who, turning back from the crusaders' harbor, broke
With our aggressive habit
Once and for all and was the first

To see all penniless creatures as his siblings. But
At all times it is good to praise the shining earth,
Dear to us whether we choose our
Duty or do something horrible.

Dearest to each his birthplace; but to recall a green
Valley where mushrooms fatten in the summer nights
And silvered willows copy
The circumflexions of the stream

Is not my gladness today: I am presently moved
By sun-drenched Parthenopeia, my thanks are for you,
Ischia, to whom a fair wind has
Brought me rejoicing with dear friends

From gross productive cities. How well you correct
Our injured eyes, how gently you train us to see
Things and men in perspective
Under your uniform light.

Noble are the plans of the shirt-sleeved engineer,
But luck, you say, does more. What design could have washed
With such delicate yellows
And pinks and greens your fishing ports

That lean against ample Epomeo, holding on
To the rigid folds of her skirts? The boiling springs
Which betray her secret fever
Make limber the gout-stiffened joint

And improve the venereal act; your ambient peace
In any case is a cure for, ceasing to think
Of a way to get on, we
Learn to simply wander about

By twisting paths which at any moment reveal
Some vista as an absolute goal; eastward, perhaps,
Suddenly there, Vesuvius,
Looming across the bright bland bay

Like a massive family pudding, or, around
A southern point, sheer-sided Capri, who by herself
Defends the cult of Pleasure,
A jealous, sometimes a cruel, god.

Always with some cool space or shaded surface, too,
You offer a reason to sit down; tasting what bees
From the blossoming chestnut
Or short but shapely dark-haired men

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From the aragonian grape distill, your amber wine,
Your coffee-colored honey, we believe that our
Lives are as welcome to us as
Loud explosions are to your saints.

Not that you lie about pain or pretend that a time
Of darkness and outcry will not come back; upon
Your quays, reminding the happy
Stranger that all is never well,

Sometimes a donkey breaks out into a choking wail
Of utter protest at what is the case, or his
Master sighs for a Brooklyn
Where shirts are silk and pants are new,

Far from tall Restituta's all too watchful eye,
Whose patronage, they say, is annually bought with blood.
That, blessed and formidable
Lady, we hope is not true; but, since

Nothing is free, whatever you charge shall be paid
That these days of exotic splendor may stand out
In each lifetime like marble
Mileposts in an alluvial land.

W. H. AUDEN

hear somebody expostulating at this point—this is all very well, and indeed nice work if you can get it, but aren't you failing to face the real issue? Can people at Writers' Conferences be taught to write? I have always maintained that no, of course, they could not, it would be arrogant to make such assumptions. They could, I have said, be taught things about writing; they could be guided against mistakes; they could have some time saved in matters they would otherwise have to learn by the slow process of trial and error; and one could not tell, anyhow, whether people were learning anything or not: it was a long-term process, and the results might take five, ten, a dozen years to become apparent. Nobody expects miracles.

You get them, though, sometimes. All that I have said above is a little too cautious. Given the right conditions, people can be taught to write, right there on the ground, during the first week, the first three or four days even. The first requisite, of course, is the possession of a little talent; nobody can make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, or turn sea-cows into flying fishes. Yet whose divining-rod is able to detect talent, to say, for sure, whether it is absent or only latent? The other conditions are easier to meet: the class must have confidence in the teacher, must believe that he knows what he is talking about, and that he more than knows, he cares. They must believe, too, that he is interested in them and their work; that he wants to see each individual live up to his own possibilities. The teacher must be able to demonstrate, quickly and rather dramatically, and using student work as his media, the difference between what is good and what is bad; he must communicate his sense of excitement over the good, and be severe, without mortifying any one's sensitivities, with the bad. Before too many days have passed, there should develop a feeling of real affection between the teacher and the class; more than anything else, an atmosphere of friendliness and love helps release the creative spirit from bondage. And finally, the teacher must impose a different kind of bond, hedge the area with some sort of framework, keep matters from flying all over the place.

These requirements met, my word for it, you will get from your students work that will surpass anything they have done before, will surprise and delight student and teacher alike. Sometimes it almost even scares me. Later on in this discussion I will submit documentary proof in evidence.

[*Part II of this essay will appear next week.*]

RANDOM HOUSE BOOKS

Memory and Desire

By LEONORA HORNBLOW

This novel of love in New York and Hollywood is fast climbing the bestseller lists. "A remarkably spirited performance . . . warm and gay and witty."—JOHN GUNTHER, *N. Y. Herald Tribune*. $2.75

A Chicago "Great Gatsby"

The story of a man's tragic search for the things he thought money could buy.

TASKER MARTIN

A novel by DIANA GAINES

$3.00

A new novel by the author of THE LEFT HAND IS THE DREAMER

NANCY WILSON ROSS'

I, MY ANCESTOR

"An always stimulating novel . . . which delves into life's central problems of purpose, love, and human relationship."—*N. Y. Post*. $3.50

A RAGE TO LIVE

JOHN O'HARA'S triumphant bestseller!

$3.75

Hit plays in book form

THE HAPPY TIME
by Samuel Taylor $2.50

DETECTIVE STORY
by Sidney Kingsley $2.50

SOUTH PACIFIC by Oscar Hammerstein & Richard Rodgers $2.50

Coming: The Wisteria Trees

At all bookstores, RANDOM HOUSE, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

America: Inventory and Appraisal

THE AMERICAN MIND. By Henry Steele Commager. Yale University Press. $5.

THE field of recent American intellectual history has been well plowed in the last generation. Parrington in his fragmentary but striking third volume laid bare many of the prevailing tendencies of the last seventy-five years; and numerous writers since Parrington—Gabriel, Curti, Lloyd Morris, Morton White, Hofstadter, Kazin, Dorfman—have enlarged on the period or on one or another of its major aspects. It is hardly to be expected that at so late a date our conception of the main outlines of the time would be radically changed; and this "The American Mind" does not pretend to do. Professor Commager's new book is rather "an interpretation of American thought and character since the 1880's," disclaiming any professions of completeness and seeking instead to define the more revealing manifestations of a "distinctively American way" of thought and behavior.

It must first be said that "The American Mind" is a rich and brilliant book. Henry Commager has never written before with such felicity and charm. The raw material of the period is wild and exhausting; but the author is always in control, moving through it with wit and urbanity and penetrating insight. His characterizations of authors and books are masterpieces of compression; his conception of the movement of the times is complex, flowing, and capacious; and, above all, the flick of an adjective and the turn of a phrase show again and again how instinct his historical judgment is with the timbre and tempo of the period.

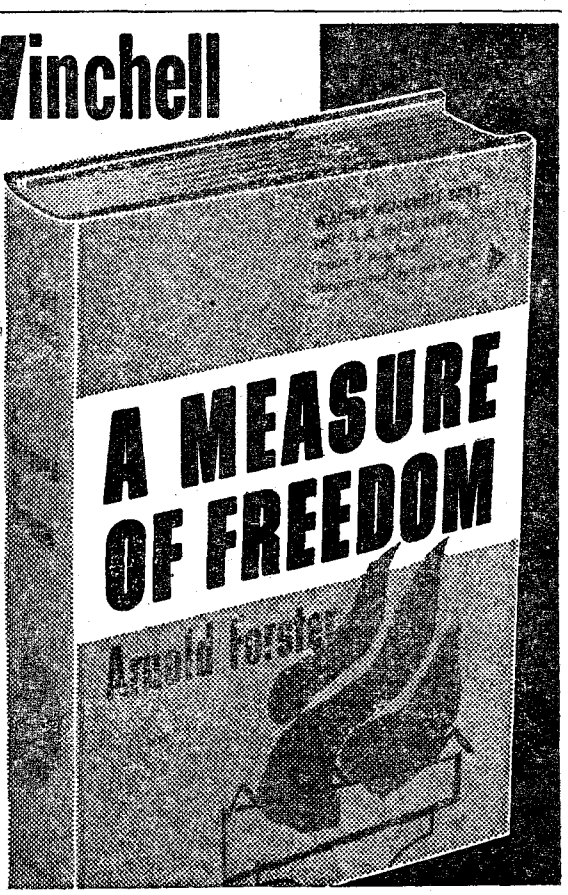
The first and last chapters—The Nineteenth-Century American and The Twentieth-Century American—are essays in the treacherous field of historical generalization. Their insights are perceptive and searching, if somewhat random; they succeed in setting an effective contrast between 1880 and 1950. In the chapters between, Professor Commager explores the concrete ideas and influences which divide us from our grandfathers. The decade of the nineties, he argues, was the watershed. Looking back, one could see the America of the past—predominantly agricultural, predominantly isolationist, self-contained and self-confident, living with exuberance on the intellectual and moral capital of the seventeenth and eighteenth century. Looking ahead, one might discern modern America—urban and industrial, hopelessly entangled in the sickness of the world, trying desperately to adjust its institutions and ideas to conditions new and in part alien.

The first fundamental change, Professor Commager argues, was from the world of Newton to the world of Darwin. Americans were well used to problems of adjustment; but the process had hitherto taken place within a stable moral and political framework. Now change was becoming qualitative as well as quantitative. It was not easy for them to find their bearings in a crumbling universe. "For the first time in their national experience they were confronted with a challenge to their philosophical assumptions." Instead of the familiar task of adjusting old institutions only to a new physical environment, they had now to make their moral and political ideas conform to new scientific and philosophical premises.

They became aware only gradually of the immensity of this problem. The first generation, like the buoyant John Fiske, could take evolution in their stride and see in it only new evidence of the grandeur of God. But the symmetry of evolution as a principle was rapidly being complicated by the fruits of evolution in practice. The economic strains and fractures of the last decades of the nineteenth century created doubts and anxieties which hastened the dissolution of the old order. And, for many, evolution was hardening unpleasantly into scientific determinism. Man stood impotent before the massive and unceasing operations of nature, whether in the economies of the laissez-faire school, in the sociology of William Graham Sumner, or in the novels of Theodore Dreiser; or else man gained potency only as he partook of the elemental energies of nature itself, as in the stories of Frank Norris and Jack London. It was but one further step, Professor Commager argues, to the cult of the irrational; where, under the dispensation of Freud, man found himself even more the creature of uncontrollable forces, now no longer in the exterior universe but within his very being.

This was one direction in which the stream of evolution flowed. But the

Walter Winchell
says:
"This book is a must!"



"It has 9 pages of documented dynamite on Gerald L. K. Smith . . . ditto on Joseph P. Kamp . . . 8 pages of documented atomic energy on Upton Close. It has 20 pages of hydrogen bombs exposing Merwin K. Hart and nearly 100 additional pages on 20 other targets of this column."

By ARNOLD FORSTER

The sizzling, shocking, provocative account of America's merchants of prejudice.

$2.50 • DOUBLEDAY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stream had diverged; and another led in the direction of a suspension of judgment on final questions, an affirmation of the unfinished character of the universe, and a modest testing of truth by its consequences in performance. In his philosophy of pragmatism William James used the methods of science to confound the determinism of science; and John Dewey, by socializing pragmatism, converted it into an instrument of positive change.

These were the radiations, deterministic and voluntaristic, from the scientific universe. Against them, the traditionalists—Willa Cather, Ellen Glasgow, Edwin Arlington Robinson—put up a noble fight for the old order. "They can be understood better in terms of the nineteenth than of the twentieth century," writes Professor Commager; though he adds, "It is a safe prophecy that they will speak to the twenty-first more directly than most of their more vociferous and sensational contemporaries," and he sees in Robinson "the most distinguished of American men of letters of his generation." Still, while tradition could sustain individuals, it could not stem a tide of change. Nor could the old-time religion, perishing in the fatuities of Dayton, Tennessee, withstand the pressures of science; and those faiths which sought accommodation tended to end by making fatal concessions to secularism.

The first half of the book deals, so to speak, with the process of disintegration. The second half deals with the process of reintegration—the affirmative response of the vitalities of American life to the challenge of this strange new universe, grown suddenly cold and complex and baffling. In a brilliant chapter Professor Commager describes the contributions of Lester Ward to the restoration of potency to social theory. He then sets forth the impact of Veblen on economics, the literature of revolt, the innovations in history, the vigorous new impulses in politics, the revolution in law and jurisprudence, the new spirit in architecture. There is a gallery of strong and admirable men here—Parrington, Beard, and Turner; Bryan, Wilson, and the two Roosevelts; Pound and Holmes; Louis Sullivan and Frank Lloyd Wright—and their efforts obviously command Professor Commager's sympathy and allegiance. Yet these efforts, though bold and courageous, were somehow not enough to contain the consequences of the basic transformation. Instead of putting the universe together again, they only developed techniques for living among the ruins.

"The American Mind" ends on a mid-century note of ambiguity. American civilization was by 1950 urban but not urbane, Professor Commager finds. People never had so much leisure before; yet they have never been so hurried. Women had been emancipated, and technology had altered the problems of living; yet one marriage out of four ended in divorce, "and nervous breakdowns became so common as to be almost unfashionable." Mass education had conquered the nation, but it had not notably raised the levels of information or of intelligence. The greater degree of centralization and organization had brought in its wake a terrifying demand for conformity. "That the American mind was more mature in the mid-twentieth than in the mid-nineteenth or even the mid-eighteenth century was by no means clear." Thus he concludes by suggesting the existence in America today of a paradox more baffling than that of Henry George—the paradox of anxiety in the midst of complacency. It is characteristic that his last two pages are made up, not of affirmations, but of questions.

So bare an outline of so fertile a book omits of necessity the many striking perceptions and illuminating observations along the way. I find Professor Commager's occasional comparisons backward and forward in time—thus comparing Theodore Parker, Jacob Riis, and Steinbeck in their attitudes toward the underprivileged—a most useful device for illustrating vividly the great curve of change. He also makes enlightening contrasts with Britain; as when he speculates why the British writers of the twentieth century were never alienated from their society as were the Americans. The capacity for comparison shows the advantages of writing intel-

John C. Calhoun

AMERICAN PORTRAIT

By Margaret L. Coit

"The most detailed, vivid, and convincing personal characterization of Calhoun we have. Her sympathies are quick and piercing; her perceptions of the intellectual and of the political issues are precise; her documentation is formidable. . . . She has achieved a fascinating reconstruction of his life and time . . . by far the best single-volume life of Calhoun. More than that, it signals the appearance of a promising new talent in the field of American historical portraiture."

$5.00 Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., *The Nation*

The Price of Union

by Herbert Agar

"A tremendous achievement, with qualities of judgment and wisdom and Olympian perspective. He gives a record, and (so far as I know) an unprecedented one, of the temper of the American people and the influences of that temper on the course of history. Reading this work was for me a profoundly emotional experience because all of it was involved in some way or other with history that I had seen made with my own eyes or had been given opportunity to study when it was still warm with life." Robert Sherwood

$5.00

At all bookstores Houghton Mifflin Co.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lectual history out of so well-stocked a mind.

Yet a shortcoming of the book derives from its failure to carry comparisons far enough to justify its title. Professor Commager asserts in the preface his belief that "there is a distinctively American way of thought, character, and conduct," and announces his desire to illustrate the American way in the book itself. But the book does not, I believe, establish the validity of his American exceptionalism; and, indeed, it would require a quite different book to do so. Such a book would involve a much more systematic comparative study of ideas and behavior, particularly as between the United States and Western Europe. It is a book which Professor Commager is eminently qualified to write, and which I hope he will turn out some day. But it is not this book.

The weakest chapter, I think, is The Cult of the Irrational. Professor Commager has little patience with the attempts to master in language and imagery the moral and intellectual complexities he himself describes so ably in other passages of the book; and he imputes to some of the experimenters a perverse desire "to achieve a highly intellectualized—and exclusive—obscurity," adding that "no one who studies the career of Ezra Pound can doubt that the search for obscurity was related to hatred of democracy." I would quarrel too with some of his literary judgments —the rating of Thomas Wolfe above Hemingway or Faulkner as a literary artist, for example, the taking seriously of James Branch Cabell, or the designation of "The Octopus" as Frank Norris's "best" novel. And I feel that Professor Commager has been beguiled by the Veblen vogue from a full recognition of the extent to which the triumph of Veblen's conception of economic method would have prevented the flowering of Keynesian economics in our own day. There are also occasional factual slips: Moran of the Lady Letty was, of course, a woman and not a man; James V. Forrestal was not a lawyer; and Charles A. Beard's book about Jeffersonianism was not called "The Economic Interpretation of Jeffersonian Democracy." While I am caviling, I might as well mention the index, which omits many names to be found in the book, includes others with only a partial listing of the pages on which they appear, and seems to be constructed on no discernible principle.

But though any reader is bound to dissent from certain of Professor Commager's judgments and emphases, "The American Mind" is a wise and suggestive book which all students of American civilization can read with benefit. It fills in the intellectual background of our contemporary perplexities with insight and vigor. And in so doing it provides important clues to our central dilemma. Professor Commager notes sadly in his mid-century affirmation what he calls "a progressive atrophy of the creative instinct of the average American." One reason for that atrophy, he believes, is the mounting pressure toward conformity; life is becoming increasingly regimented. Yet he continues, "Regimentation was not, as political critics would have it, a product of government regulation or of a Communist conspiracy but of a technological economy, and it was, perhaps, inevitable."

I wish he had explored that "perhaps" a bit farther. For I think he is pointing here toward the crucial problem of our time—the problem of preventing an increasingly centralized economic system from whirling into its inner vortex all the ideas, all the values, all the freedoms which give life meaning and dignity. It is this problem, as Professor Commager suggests, which has shadowed American life since the 1880's. All we know today is that none of the simple solutions—such as transferring the titles of ownership to the state—can meet the fundamental problem. "The American Mind" gives a rewarding and, on the whole, heartening picture of the resources—moral as well as intellectual—with which Americans will try to meet the problem in the time that remains.

ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

Prove McCarthy's Smears Lifted from Hate Booklet in In fact

The weekly newsletter edited by

GEORGE SELDES

Author: The People Don't Know, 1000 Americans, etc.

Dept. 24 T, IN FACT
280 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y.
I enclose $2 for which send me 52 issues of IN FACT, plus the one described.

NAME_____
ADDRESS_____
CITY_____
ZONE_____ STATE_____

Documentary proof that Senator McCarthy's smears *against State Dept. employees was lifted verbatim* from an anti-Semite's hate pamphlet is printed in the current In Fact. In parallel columns, In Fact prints McCarthy's charges and the same accusations from the hate booklet. They are the same—word for word!
Also revealed are the men putting up the money for McCarthy's smear campaign, their backgrounds and *their motives. Fully documented, a thorough job of* exposing the sordid forces behind a sordid campaign. Subscribe now!

52 ISSUES FOR $2.00—LESS THAN 4¢ A COPY
A SMALL PRICE FOR THE TRUTH

The Facts About Shakespeare

SHAKESPEARE OF LONDON. By Marchette Chute. E. P. Dutton and Company. $4.

BIOGRAPHERS of Shakespeare all confront the fact that on one side stand the splendor and loveliness of his poetry together with a few contemporary testimonials of affection and esteem, and, on the other, the arid records of his commonplace life. There is nothing discreditable in the records, but they do reveal that Shakespeare was careful in his investments, capable of over-storing grain, slow to pay his taxes, and quick to collect his debts. A sensitive Frenchman—Jusserand, I believe —once said that when this winged spirit walked the earth (as, of course, he had to do), he trod with feet of lead. For many years the standard Life of Shakespeare was Sidney Lee's. Lee accepted the hard facts without demur and presented the success story of a middle-class provincial. His book was supplanted in this country by that of Joseph Q. Adams, a precise scholar but one who could not resist mingling with the facts a few romantic fancies to bring the story nearer to the heart's desire. In 1930 came Sir Edmund Chambers's indispensable two-volume compilation, which attempts no interpretation at all, and in 1932 John Dover Wilson's "The Essential Shakespeare." Wilson blamed the bourgeois flavor of Sidney Lee's Life upon the fact that he

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had gone too often to Stratford and gazed too long at the memorial bust. For Wilson the bust resembled a "self-satisfied pork butcher" and the Droeshout engraving, as J. C. Squire had said, a "pudding-faced effigy." He put aside these "false images" and keyed his biography to the "wonderful eyes and oval Shelley-like face" of a random portrait of an Elizabethan youth who happened to have been born in the same year as Shakespeare.

To Marchette Chute the Stratford bust suggests no pork butcher, and she would not be repelled if it did; as to the Droeshout engraving, she says, "The drawing is stiff but it is straightforward and unencumbered." Miss Chute is a strong-minded woman who will stand no nonsense. Although her biography is rigidly factual—"straightforward and unencumbered"—her character is in the book. She has no love of lords, no feeling that Catholicism is a more appropriate religion for a poet than any other, no taste for bohemianism, no distaste for respectability and prosperity. She insists upon the stalwart domesticity of Shakespeare's fellow actors, and obviously considers it to Shakespeare's credit—in the best sense—that Henry Condell reared nine children and John Heminges fourteen. This is a refreshing point of view and I like it. When it comes to legends of deer-slaying, horse-holding, dark ladies, and so forth, Miss Chute calmly relegates all to brief appendices, restricting her biography proper to contemporary evidence.

The facts about Shakespeare are limited in number and already accessible in standard reference works and the prefaces to school editions; they must be supplemented to make a book, and Miss Chute supplements them by placing each in its historical setting. She explains lucidly the conditions of life in Stratford and of life in London, supplying a splendid account of the theatrical companies. Her errors are few. She is mistaken in saying that Shakespeare is not likely to have been associated with the known authors of the "Play of Sir Thomas More," that Shakespeare could never have seen any "real Jews," that his company took annual tours and enjoyed them, and that the Queen's Company of actors in 1603, rather than Prince Henry's, was second in importance to Shakespeare's King's Men. (In a royal household the Prince of Wales is of greater prestige than the Queen; incidentally there are some published records of the Worcester's-Queen Anne's company which Miss Chute has not seen.) She perpetuates one false cliché when she speaks of Shakespeare changing the "dross" of his source materials to gold; and she carries her devotion to Heminges and Condell too far when she declines to concede Fletcher a part in "King Henry VIII" because they admitted that play to the folio of collected works, and when she declines to concede Shakespeare's part in "Pericles" because they did not. On the other hand, she is sometimes more scholarly than the specialists. She has avoided an egregious blunder made by your reviewer in one of the books she used, and she has shrewdly ignored one unsound treatise on Shakespeare's company, even though it had been deferentially considered by the austere Sir Edmund Chambers.

Miss Chute is dealing with resistant materials. It is quite true that the "essential" Shakespeare is not to be found in her book, but it is not to be found in any book except Shakespeare's Collected Works. We must all realize that our least poetic friends have an "essential" quality not revealed by the way they make their living or the record they leave in official files—including those of the Collector of Internal Revenue, which, of spiritual qualities, indicate only their large charitableness. Miss Chute has a robust faith. For her, ordinary aspirations and the devoted endeavors of honest men, such as Shakespeare and his fellow actors, can frame as much beauty as this world can produce. Of the biographies of Shakespeare that have appeared since the war at the rate of several a year, I prefer hers. Some years ago she gave us an excellent book about Chaucer. She has now given us an excellent book about Shakespeare—clear, interesting, reliable, every page bearing witness to her competence and care.

ALFRED HARBAGE

His collected essays range from Tacitus to Kinsey, from Mark Twain to Freud

LIONEL TRILLING

Not since Edmund Wilson's *Axel's Castle* has such an important volume of criticism appeared in America. These are essays Lionel Trilling has written—with steadily increasing influence—over the last decade. He speaks about Sherwood Anderson, Dreiser, Kipling, Parrington; about the connection between psychology and literature; about the impact of manners and money on the novel; about the "little magazines"; and always he addresses himself to the progressive mind, criticizing the liberal imagination from within the liberal camp. A versatile and brilliant writer, he gains new stature with this long-awaited volume. THE VIKING PRESS $3.50

THE LIBERAL IMAGINATION

ESSAYS ON LITERATURE AND SOCIETY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Maxwell Perkins, Editor

EDITOR TO AUTHOR. The Letters of Maxwell E. Perkins. Edited and with an Introduction by John Hall Wheelock. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.75.

I REMEMBER an incident that occurred in June, 1947, one day after Maxwell Evarts Perkins's death. Walking along Publishers' Row—Madison Avenue in the upper forties—in the company of an esteemed editor, I met an equally esteemed publisher. Without so much as a greeting, almost angrily the publisher exclaimed, "As far as I'm concerned, you're the last damned working editor that's left!" That was all he said, and he walked off abruptly.

I believe Max Perkins's death affected people, even the people who didn't know him but who were part of the world of book-publishing, very much in the way that President Roosevelt's death did—as a deep and irreplaceable personal loss. Perkins was a New York-born New Englander. He was sixty-two years old when he died, and Scribner's got well over half of them—thirty-seven to be exact. Obviously, there was nothing fly-by-night about him. There were a great many things associated with popularity that he was not: he wasn't, for example, social, or glamorous, or brilliant, or even openly warm.

His virtues were of an unostentatious and more durable kind: he was patient, philosophic, devoted, objective, hard-working, and deliberately anonymous—though this last may have served as a cover for his completely natural kind of selflessness. He brought no ego, no sticky hand or facile formula to the manuscripts to which he devoted sometimes as much as eighteen hours a day. No inchoate maze of words overwhelmed him; no petulant or vapid letter was tossed unanswered into the wastebasket; no author went unseen. He made his own clocks; he had time for it all. People who knew him say it was a miracle.

The letters in "Editor to Author" are wonderful letters—not always, and not even often, in themselves, but for the way they reveal the letter-writer, for the way they divulge, quietly and gradually and substantially, a valuable and efficient human being. John Hall Wheelock, the editor, by his intelligent selection has not only telescoped this process for the reader, but given him a correspondence of variety and range. In it there are calm but hard-headed letters about advertising budgets as well as sensitive and loving passages on "War and Peace"; chatty notes about trips to be or not to be taken; brief tips, shrewd and practical, to authors; long and thoughtful criticisms of work in progress; arguments against communism and for democratic processes. The letters, for the most part, are addressed to writers in the Scribner's-Perkins stable: Scott Fitzgerald, Hemingway, Ring Lardner, Tom Wolfe, Galsworthy, Huneker, Stark Young, and, among others, Leon Trotsky.

Perkins could write to Fitzgerald, "Do not ever defer to my judgment," and mean it. He meant a surprising number of things that people say and do not mean; for example, to Wolfe:

> Nothing could give me greater pleasure or greater pride as an editor than that the book ["Of Time and the River"] should be dedicated to me if it were sincerely done. But you cannot, and should not, try to change your conviction that I have deformed your book, or at least prevented it from coming to perfection. It is therefore impossible for you sincerely to dedicate it to me, and it ought not to be done.

This statement is all the more moving in the light of a letter he wrote to Hemingway a few months before:

> I cannot come down now. I cannot leave as long as I can keep Tom going well, as he is doing now. We have over half the book finished, except for a little touching up on another reading. We have got a good system now. We work every evening from 8:30 (or as near as Tom can come to it) until 10:30 or 11, and Tom does actual writing at times, and does it well, where pieces have to be joined up. We are organizing the book. That is the best part of the work we are doing. It will be pretty well integrated in the end.

In the same letter Perkins goes on: "The scheme is pretty clear in his own head, but he shrinks from the sacrifices, which are really cruel often." Perkins didn't shrink from them, though it is not fanciful to assume the sacrifices were cruel for Perkins too. And that is what the esteemed publisher meant by a "damned working editor." He meant someone who lived with a gifted work quite deeply and with a criticalness very much akin to the creativeness of the author, who pushed the author's talent but who never pushed beyond the limits of it, and who, in the end, demanded that his judgments be not deferred to.

For Wolfe, Perkins was catalyst; in some smaller way, in relation to Perkins as letter-writer, Wolfe was catalyst to Perkins. The most interesting, the most substantial of Perkins's letters is the one in reply to Wolfe's now-famous twenty-eight-page document explaining his break with Scribner's. Perkins was catalyzed into tension, forced as it were by Wolfe's terribly human cry to probe into himself more deeply. He wrote:

> But my impression was that you asked my help, that you wanted it. And it is my impression too that changes were not forced on you (you're not very forceable, Tom, nor I very forceful). . . . I do not want the passage of time to make you cautious or conservative, but I do want it to give you a full control—as it has done in the case of great writers in the past—over your great talent.

Wolfe knew it; he knew that Perkins didn't want him to "defer," and it was something of a justice that Wolfe's last letter before he died was to Perkins,

If you're interested in
• PSYCHIATRY
• PSYCHOANALYSIS
• SOCIAL STUDIES
Send for free Basic Books News and Bibliography listing the outstanding 1950 books of ALL publishers—U.S. and abroad—in these fields.
Our MONEY-SAVING plan enables you to save up to 40% on your book purchases. Write today.
BASIC BOOKS, Inc., Box 5
147 Christopher Street, New York 14, N. Y.

REMOVAL SALE
Last month of must-move-out book values at the old Mutual Life Building.
Open 8:30 to 7; Saturdays to 4 p.m.
Stamm's For Books
36 NASSAU STREET, N. Y. C.
(between Liberty & Cedar Sts.)

BOOKS OF ALL KINDS FROM THE USSR
Just Arrived! V. M. MOLOTOV
PROBLEMS OF FOREIGN POLICY
In English — 611 pp. — $1.50
Latest Soviet Records, Sheet Music, Handicrafts
1950 Subscriptions Open for Soviet Periodicals
Ask for Complete Catalogue "P-50"
FOUR CONTINENT BOOK CORP.
55 W. 56 Street, N. Y. 19 MUrray Hill 8-2660

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and expresses in poetic terms his friendship and love for his old editor.

Two themes and their variations come through the correspondence most pervasively: censorship in publishing and the publisher as partisan, and for Perkins they were interrelated. He writes over and over again: "A publisher is not a censor of taste, or of morals." And again:

> It is part of the American philosophy as expressed in the Constitution that, except in the most extreme cases, people should be allowed to express their opinions, and that the result of this is to stir up thought and controversy, out of which will emerge the Truth. It is only what is false that is killed by discussion, not what is true.

The point is, of course, that Perkins saw these truths concretely and consistently. Because of the promise of a single line he would read through a tedious mass of manuscript. That he answered every kind of worthless letter was not an idle thing—it was rather that he believed concretely and consistently in democratic exchange and communication. He employed his gifts unselfishly, and because these gifts were considerable, he became—and still is—the dean of American book editors.

HARVEY BREIT

The Seeing Eye

LANDSCAPE PAINTING. By Kenneth Clark. Scribner's. $5.

LANDSCAPE, PORTRAIT, STILL-LIFE: THEIR ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT. By Max J. Friedländer. Translated from the German by R. F. C. Hull. Philosophical Library. $6.

KENNETH CLARK'S book is a first-class example of how art criticism can be married to art scholarship, and it should be held up as a model to students in schools of art history. The author's long acquaintance with the facts and artifacts of art has not afflicted him with that obsession with "objectivity" that shuts off so many savants of art from a genuine experience of their subject. He is more interested in the quality of art than in the data accessory to it. Here he shows us how landscape paintings work and why they look the way they do; unlike so many art writers, he does not take the *appearance* of a picture for granted. He makes no bones about the fact that he accepts his own taste as his best guide, and he does so rightly, for it is obvious that it is a highly developed instrument, personal and objective at once.

Sir Kenneth must perforce give us some history, but it is sketchy, as he himself warns us; he must also go into causes and circumstances, but he is not too much interested in these and perhaps lacks the power of mind in any case to throw truly fresh light upon them; he must likewise go into classification and description, but here he triumphs by making these primarily a matter of aesthetic evaluation. He is concerned more with aesthetic results as we enjoy them here and now than with art as a historical process. Thus he accounts for the various modes of landscape painting that he distinguishes —symbolical, factual, ideal, romantic, realist, impressionist, etc.—by elucidating the inner logic of the pleasures they offer an experienced and sensitive eye. The result is very refreshing as well as edifying for someone like this reviewer who ordinarily resigns himself in advance to pusillanimity and standardized opinions when he opens a book on art.

Sir Kenneth is at his best in his chapters on landscape painting in the nineteenth century. In this, I feel, he is not unique, for the best criticism of this moment, in both art and literature, seems to be centered on the nineteenth century. One's critical faculties would appear to function at their best when the subject is something over and done with but still close enough to the present not to be altogether devoid of its original novelty. Sir Kenneth is particularly good in weighing the merits of the Impressionists and Post-Impressionists. He dares to be dissatisfied with Seurat's "Grande Jatte," that cult object of the prophets of modernism, and he puts his finger exactly on the trouble: "Seurat has tried to create large monumental shapes in color by means of the silhouette, and this, in spite of his skill in shallow, internal modeling, produces rather the effect of pasteboard pictures in a toy theater." His analysis of the evolution of Cézanne's art is one of the most cogent I have come across, whatever small points of disagreement one may have with it. In the foreground of his consideration he instinctively keeps the premise that the end and not the means of his art was Cézanne's first concern, and the end was successful and noble pictures, not the revolutionizing of painting.

However, Sir Kenneth does not fare so well in dealing with the present state of landscape painting and in explaining the reasons for that state. Here, venturing into extra-aesthetic considerations, he can produce only second-hand opinions and some head-shaking about the new science's attack upon the unity of nature. I think it would be equally true to say that, on the contrary, the

FREE EXAMINATION OFFER
on the famous Manchester Guardian

• "Widely read because it is worth reading widely." (*Newsweek*) "Unquestionably, one of the world's half-dozen great newspapers." (*Time*)

YOU ARE INVITED to read the next four issues of the *Manchester Guardian*, weekly air edition, at our risk. This famous publication brings you a *fresh viewpoint* on British and international affairs—especially on the confusing political and social scene in England today. The *Guardian* is fearless, honest, liberal. It will stimulate your thinking as it does for the great opinion makers throughout the world who read it regularly. Accept this free-examination offer by mailing the coupon with your check today. Money back if not delighted. Manchester Guardian, 53 East 51 Street, New York 22.

MAIL COUPON FOR SPECIAL OFFER

THE MANCHESTER GUARDIAN B 12
53 East 51 Street, New York 22, N. Y.

Please enter my subscription to the *Manchester Guardian*, Weekly Air Edition, as checked below. If not satisfied after seeing the first four issues, I may cancel and get a full refund. My payment is enclosed.

New, Low Rates
☐ 1 year, $6.50 ☐ 20 weeks, $2

Name_____
Address_____
City_____ Zone_____ State_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

new science has revealed how horribly uniform nature is. This would help explain the abstract artist's seeming assumption that any one part of experience, no matter how small or fragmentary, is a repetition of all of it. Therefore subject matter in the external sense is of no importance.

Max J. Friedländer, who is perhaps the outstanding authority in the world on Flemish and Dutch painting, writes with an appearance of greater incisiveness yet with much less perception and sensitivity than does Sir Kenneth. It is obvious that he belongs to an older generation of art scholars and that outside the traces of scholarship he is loath to confront specific works of art at length and trust to his taste. He prefers "objective" generalities. This may be the difference between English and Continental art writing; surprisingly or not, the English have for a long time produced the better art critics, perhaps because their empiricism does not permit them to overlook for too long the main point of works of art, namely, their aesthetic quality. On the other hand, Professor Friedländer brings a more sophisticated awareness of philosophical, political, and social factors to bear on his more or less popular account of the origins and development of the various subject classes of Western painting. His book will be useful to those who have no previous acquaintance with the history of the things it deals with. It is also interesting because it orients the perspective of European art on the Flemish, Dutch, and Germans rather than the Italians and French. And once in a while it offers some new information or a telling reformulation of something we already know—for example, the Impressionist painter "obtains wholesale trueness to nature, whereas formerly only piecemeal trueness to nature resulted." But on the whole this book remains much inferior to one like Sir Kenneth's, and has to be classed in the end, for all its pseudo-pregnancy, as one more example of the pedestrianism endemic to art writing. Professor Friedländer has written much better elsewhere.

Both books are adequately illustrated with black-and-white reproductions. The translation of Professor Friedländer's text is competent and idiomatic but not at all elegant.

CLEMENT GREENBERG

25% Less than List on LP Records
—PLUS FREE BONUS RECORD—
Send 15¢ for LP catalog to:
DISCOUNT RECORD CLUB
Dept. N-12
Box 533, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y
Add 15¢ per record postage and handling charges (50¢ minimum) SAME-DAY SHIPMENT.

"Perfectly Wrought Drama"—Atkinson, Times
THE INNOCENTS
Based on Henry James' "The Turn of the Screw"
with BEATRICE STRAIGHT
PLAYHOUSE, 48th St. E. of B'way. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

CRITICS' AWARD FOR BEST MUSICAL
RICHARD RODGERS & OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
present in association with
LELAND HAYWARD & JOSHUA LOGAN
MARY MARTIN · EZIO PINZA
In A New Musical Play
South Pacific
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
Book by
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd & JOSHUA LOGAN
Adapted from JAMES A. MICHENER'S Pulitzer Prize Winning "TALES OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC"
Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN
Scenery & Lighting by Jo Mielziner
with MYRON McCORMICK
MAJESTIC THEA., 44th St. W. of B'way
EVES. 8:25 MATS WED & SAT 2:25

Music

B. H. HAGGIN

AT ITS final New York concert of the season the Boston Symphony under its new conductor Charles Münch played the usual excerpts from Berlioz's "Romeo and Juliet"—but in an unusual order which violated the progression of programmatic sense to achieve a progression of increasing brilliance and excitement: first the *Love Scene*, then the *Queen Mab*, and finally the sequence from *Romeo Alone* to *Festivities at the Capulets'*. The performances revealed the orchestra as still the marvelously sensitive and beautiful-sounding instrument created by Koussevitzky, and confirmed the impressions of Münch I had got previously from his records and broadcasts: that he has no feeling for the correct measure in whatever he does—an acceleration, a retardation, a pause; which amounts to saying that he is preoccupied with the detail of the moment, unguided and uncontrolled by a feeling for continuity and coherence in the entire sequence of details. This showed itself not only on a large scale in the excessively whipped-up tempo in *Festivities at the Capulets'*, but even within single measures of the quiet opening section of the *Love Scene* (right after the introductory *Capulet's Garden*), each of which was not too small for a feverish acceleration and slackening of pace with expansion and contraction of sonority. And of the whipped-up *Festivities* one can say what a great musician said once of Münch's similar performance of the finale of Berlioz's "Fantastic" Symphony: "It's easy to make it exciting in double tempo; but the orchestra can't even play the notes correctly."

The one performance I heard over the air of Mahler's Symphony No. 8, in which Stokowski conducted the New York Philharmonic and assisting choruses and soloists, left me with the impression of failure on the gigantic scale of what was attempted in the work. The first part, the *Veni, Creator Spiritus*, was twenty-five minutes of frenetically apocalyptic ranting, the second, the final scene of Goethe's "Faust," was more agreeable, but went on saying pretty much the same thing over and over again for almost an hour, with no progression, no development, no emerging form.

The New York City Opera Company opened its spring season with Prokofiev's "The Love for Three Oranges"; and again statements like "I have a pain in the kidney" struck the audience—for reasons that eluded me—as terrifically funny, as did the humor that I found heavy, forced, and childish. The new work was Puccini's "Turandot," which impressed me again as the worst kind of trash, on which it was a sin to waste the cost of the elaborate production and the wear and tear on the singers' voices. Wagner would do less damage to the magnificently clear and powerful young voice of Dragica Martinis, who made her New York debut on this occasion, than the succession of high notes Puccini gives her to scream over the full orchestra as Turandot.

At the Y. M. H. A., I heard Bloch's Piano Quintet again after a number of years, and found that unlike some other

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

works of his it had lost none of its power for me. It was played by Nadia Reisenberg and the Budapest Quartet; and I also had the pleasant surprise of hearing more agreeable tone and more sensitive phrasing from Roisman than on previous occasions.

On a Columbia LP record (ML-4216) are Haydn's Quartet Opus 64 No. 5 ("Lark") and the even finer Opus 76 No. 4 ("Sunrise"), beautifully played by the Budapest Quartet. The first, with treble drastically cut down, loses the unpleasant sharpness the sound had on 78; the second retains a little sharpness in loud passages, and is heavy in bass.

The Beethoven Sonata Opus 30 No. 2 for violin and piano performed by Szigeti and Horszowski (ML-2097) is much played and recorded, but a work I don't care for. Szigeti seems to have begun this recorded performance with the pinched, wiry, and quavering tone he often begins with, and also to have swung around toward the microphone in crescendos that come off the record explosive and ear-piercingly sharp, even with treble cut down. Tone and recorded sound are better in later movements; and the recording reproduces the balance of the two instruments in an excellent ensemble perfomance. The first side has a curiously whistling surface.

Beethoven's Violin Sonata Opus 30 No. 3, on the other hand, played by Spivakovsky and Cornman (ML-2089), is a work I am very fond of. It is played with less than the vitality it requires, but otherwise well; the recorded sound is well-balanced and, with treble cut down, agreeable. On the reverse side is a good performance by Spivakovsky of Bach's dull G minor Sonata for unaccompanied violin, which Szigeti, in the old Columbia set, made exciting with his style of performance.

An Allegro record (AL-19) offers Brahms's Piano Quartet Opus 26, a work I don't care for, well played by the New Friends of Music Quartet—Hortense Monath, piano, Bronislav Gimpel, violin, Frank Brieff, viola, and Jascha Bernstein, cello. The strings are well reproduced; the piano in the first two movements sounds shallow and far away behind the strings; in the last two its sound is properly placed and rounder. Surfaces are noisy.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

"Action Is Suffering"

Dear Sirs: Newspaper accounts of Professor F. O. Matthiessen's death have inaccurately and incompletely quoted his final letter so as to make him say that he committed suicide because of the state of world affairs. What he actually wrote has been made available in a letter to the Boston papers from Professor Kenneth B. Murdock (Boston *Post*, April 5):

"I have taken this room in order to do what I have to do. My will is to be found on my desk in my apartment at 87 Pinkney Street, Boston. Here are the keys. Please notify Harvard University—where I have been a professor.

"I am exhausted. I have been subject to so many severe depressions during the past few years that I can no longer believe that I can continue to be of use to my profession and my friends. I hope that my friends will be able to believe that I still love them in spite of this desperate act.—F. O. Matthiessen."

Following this [Professor Murdock explains] was a request that he be buried beside his mother, and the names and addresses of his sister and four friends whom he wished to have notified. Then came the final paragraph:

"How much the state of the world has to do with my state of mind I do not know. But as a Christian and a Socialist believing in international peace I find myself terribly oppressed by the present tensions."

The newspaper versions made Mr. Matthiessen's letter melodramatic. What he actually put down is characteristically honest. The press accounts lent themselves to editorials and statements which confidently used his death to draw the sort of partisan morals from which he himself, though a courageous partisan, held aloof. On the one side he has been made an object lesson about the consequences of misplaced faith in radicalism; on the other he has been dramatized as a "victim of the cold war and the Truman-Acheson foreign policy." What he actually wrote shows that he preserved, even under the greatest stress, the dignity of his disciplined intelligence. Professor Matthiessen's criticism and his political action were distinguished by the way he recognized the necessity of relating private and public experience while remaining aware of the complexity of the relationships between them.

One of the lines of poetry which Mr. Matthiessen made particularly meaningful to his students was the statement of Eliot's Becket that "action is suffering and suffering is action." His own action, in criticism, in politics, perhaps most effectively of all in his ever-generous teaching, was informed with understanding and compassion. His own nature was such that he had to suffer, and to act, violently. It often cost him a desperate and heroic effort, but until the end he managed to suffer and to act for others, to work practically and intelligently for the world. What happened in the end cannot be explained by any facile reference to current events. It represents a more fundamental failure of our time and culture to provide modes of action to make endurable the suffering of such a temperament.

C. L. BARBER

Amherst, Mass., April 8

Common Sense: 1950

Dear Sirs: Freda Kirchwey, in her excellent editorial Death or Diplomacy? [*The Nation*, March 11], puts the responsibility squarely up to every politician and every citizen. Do we want peace or war? Are we ready to pay for whichever we want?

MONEY-SAVING COMBINATIONS

The NATION

☐ *with* Harper's Magazine $9.50
You Save $2.50

☐ *with* Consumers Union $10.75
You Save $1.25

☐ *with* Harper's Magazine and Consumers Union $13.25
You Save $3.75

All club combinations listed are for one year, and may be mailed to different individuals and addresses. Remittance must accompany all combination orders.

THE NATION *by itself:*

☐ 1 Yr. $7 ☐ 2 Yrs. $12 ☐ 3 Yrs. $17

Canadian and Foreign Postage $1 a year extra.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York 7, N. Y.

- I want to subscribe to *The Nation* for _____ years. ☐ Remittance enclosed. ☐ Bill me.
- I enclose my remittance for the following *Nation* combinations as listed below.

_____

_____

_____

Name_____

Address_____

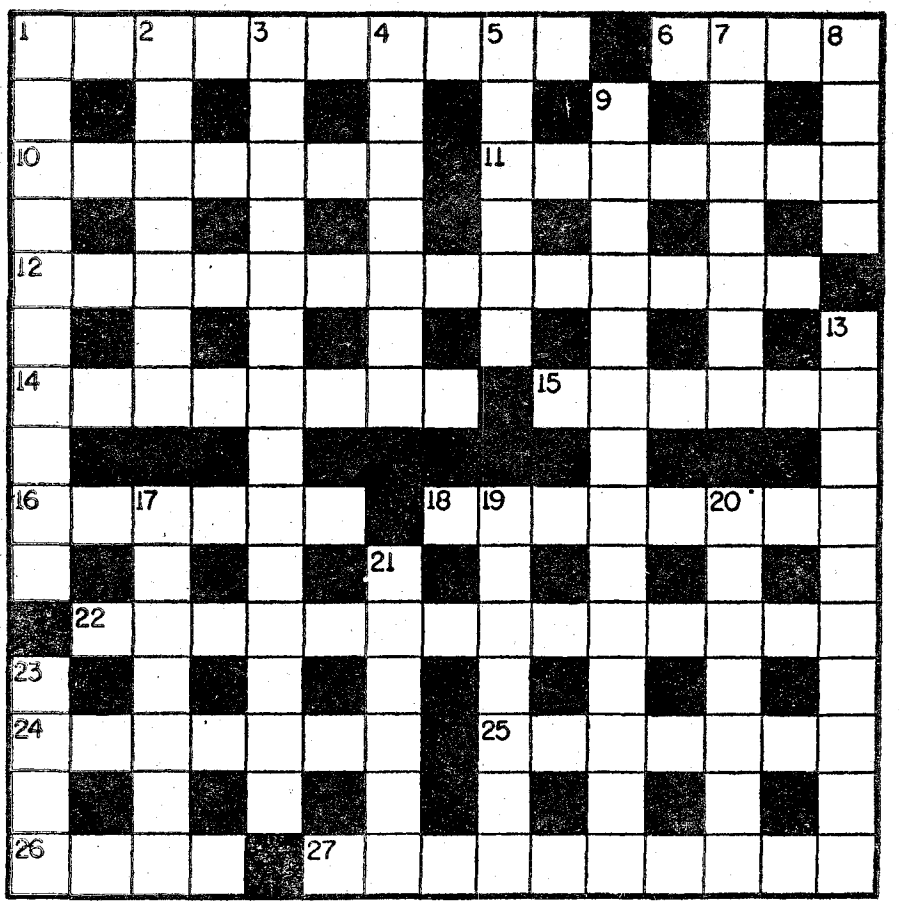
City_____ Zone_____ State_____

4/22/50

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Crossword Puzzle No. 359

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 There's something about a sort of G-gal which might tie her up. (10)
6 What a change the spring may bring! (4)
10 Reputedly a fine hand. (7)
11 Both cavalryman and horse are. (7)
12 Gee! Right off the dowager's husband! (6, 3, 5)
14 No guts, perhaps! (8)
15 Not B.C.—hereafter! (6)
16 How the harness shop deals. (2, 4)
18 Waste away. (8)
22 Owner of a Flint bird. (4, 4, 6)
24 Peanut I plant in the garden. (7)
25 Time ran withal, right to the point. (7)
26 See 27.
27 and 26. Ground out, no doubt, after the Knight's. (3, 7, 4)

DOWN

1 Danny Deever's quick-march? (5, 5)
2 Miniver had 'em. (7)
3 Traveling artillery? (5, 5, 4)
4 240 pounds over 2000. (4, 3)
5 Less active figure. (6)
7 and 23 A sort of Episcopal does! (4, 3, 4)
8 Ford? So cross! (4)
9 I count jar-lids I find authoritative. (14)
13 Observes a rodent found in part of the Dutch East Indies. (10)
17 "Yep" or "nope" typifies such a stop. (7)
19 This is the least you'll get as a clue! (7)
20 Singing commercial? (7)
21 Pan-tree caustic. (6)
23 See 7.

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 358

ACROSS:—1 COMMON FRACTION; 8 SUITS OF ARMOR; 10 UNCHAINING; 11 LEFT; 13 ENRAGE; 14 BEHOLDEN; 16 AVIATRIX; 17 ROCOCO; 19 TYRO; 20 SIDESADDLE; 22 UNDERWRITERS; 23 ALFRED TENNYSON.

DOWN:—1 COSTUME PARTIES; 2 MAIL CARRIERS; 3 ONSLAUGHTS; 4 FIFING; 5 ARRANGED; 6 TROY; 7 LISTEN TO REASON; 9 LEAD SOLDIERS; 12 COLORATION; 15 DIVIDEND; 18 PEEWEE; 21 KNAR.

Readers are invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis's "ground rules." Address requests to Puzzle Dept., The Nation, 20 Vesey Street, New York 7, New York

If we won't pay the price of peace, we shall have to pay the price of war. As Miss Kirchwey points out, the price of a third world war is the total extinction of both the American and the Soviet populations, if not of the whole human race. Those Americans who dream of stealing a march on the Russians by wiping them out before they can wipe us out are living in a fool's paradise. Depend upon it, a dictatorship will always be quicker on the draw than a democratic government hamstrung by a Congressional talking machine.

Should we drift into war, the best we can hope for is that the lethal bombs on Moscow and the lethal bombs on New York will reach their destinations simultaneously, so that when we are blown to smithereens we shall have the Russians to keep us company. People to whom this thought gives consolation are welcome to it.

In pre-atomic days it was possible to justify war on the ground that certain classes of people got something out of it: adventure, glory, loot, power, an outlet for irrepressible pugnacity. At best, men died on the battlefield so that the survivors could carry on the country and the cause. But atomic weapons have radically altered the character and the consequences of war. In the next world war the combatant parties will destroy each other as speedily, ruthlessly, and mechanically as an exterminator destroys rats. There will be no survivors, and both the country and the cause will be annihilated. War has thus become a monstrous absurdity from which all but the criminal insane must instinctively recoil.

In such a situation it is not enough for Mr. Truman and Mr. Acheson to say that the American government is too proud and too self-righteous to treat with the Soviet government. After all, we were not too proud or too self-righteous to treat with the Russians when we needed their help to stop Hitler. Well, we need Russian help again, this time to stop universal race suicide. Recognizing this, Miss Kirchwey has rightly appealed to the nation's moral forces to meet the most momentous question facing the world today: Death or Diplomacy? And diplomacy, as Mr. del Vayo recently pointed out, means that the American Union and the Soviet Union must settle their differences by negotiation. Winston Churchill himself has come round to this counsel of common sense.

FELIX GRENDON

Brooklyn, March 30

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED